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THE

SQUARE-RIGGED CRUISER;

OR,

LORRAIN'S SEA-SERMONS.

DEDICATED TO THE

UNITED STATES NAVY, OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF AMERICAN MERCHANTMEN, AND ALL TRUE-BLUES OF EVERY NATION UNDER HEAVEN;

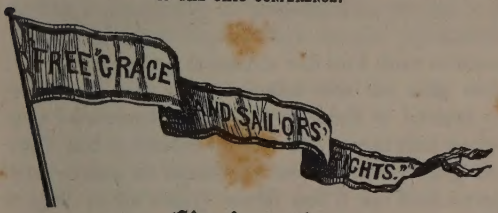
WHETHER

COURSING ON THE HIGH SEAS, LAKES AND RIVERS OF THIS PLANET, OR LAID UP IN ORD'NARY.

BY

ALFRED M. LORRAIN,

OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE.



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PREFACE.

It gives me sincere pleasure to make a few prefatory remarks to this publication, at the request of the author. Our acquaintance commenced in early life, and soon ripened into a strong friendship which has increased with the lapse of years, and now, being, by the blessing of God, "time-honored," I doubt not will always last.

The author of this volume of sermons served an apprenticeship on the seas, and afterward sailed as an officer for some time, and may well be supposed to have a pretty thorough acquaintance with the usages of mariners. Still, it must appertain to the maritime community to pronounce on the merit of the sermons, as it respects their *nautical* peculiarity.

No doubt many thousands will read these sermons who never had any connection with the seas; such may be assured they will find much to interest, to edify, and to comfort them. The race of man everywhere takes an especial interest in every thing belonging to the watery world; and it has been owing partly to this, perhaps, that these discourses have been delivered by the author in his itinerant labors, in various parts of our country, with so much eclat and success. Those of our population, who have some knowledge of the affairs of "old ocean," and

they are not a few, have heard them in good faith, and having been much profited, they will rejoice in their appearance in book form. Others have professed to be edified, although they admitted they could not understand many of the phrases used; yet the novelty of the language seemed so to attract and fix their attention, as to prepare them to receive more readily the moral teachings found in the sermons, which are adapted to all classes, and of easy apprehension. Some of this class, however, may meet with *technicalities*, which might appear to them awkward, or improperly applied. Others may object to the structure and divisions of the sermons, as not being scientifically correct. The author, in his private correspondence with me, insists "that it is necessary that such readers should bear it in mind, that the work is intended *particularly for sailors*, whose circumstances differ widely from those on land. The military exercise itself is not the same on shipboard that it is in the tented field; even bread, the staff of life, is there reduced to a flinty temperament; and if the luxury of milk is enjoyed at all, it must of necessity be of goats, and not of kine." The author claims "that it is not best to encumber with nice divisions and subdivisions a book, the taking up and laying down of which must be frequently determined by wind and weather—the fluctuations and shiftings of the dogvane."

The reader will perceive that there are ten sermons, each having an appropriate hymn at the beginning, and another at the close. The volume is

designed, not only as a companion for the individual, but as a book of devotion: in some sort, to supply the place of a chaplain in the navy, and on board of merchant vessels; for by the help of it, the praying man may perform divine service every Sabbath, while navigating the high seas, or lakes.

It might be acceptable to the reader to have some brief remarks on the subject and design of each sermon separately.

1. WONDERS IN THE DEEP.—This asserts the impartial regard of the Almighty, in respect to man, whether on the *land* or on the *sea*, as displayed in his glorious works of creation, providence, and grace; so that the sailor may not in one mood, say with desponding Jonah, "*I am cast out of thy sight;*" or, in another, presumptuously maintain, "because I am a poor sailor, subject to so many deprivations and disasters, without the means and appliances of the Gospel, God will mercifully save me, irrespective of moral qualifications."

2. THE ANCHOR.—This exhibits the analogy of a literal voyage, and the more important voyage of human life. The anchor has ever been a favorite figure of the Christian, of that hope which maketh not ashamed, and is thus defined in the discourse.

3. ALL HANDS, AHOY!—This sermon is devoted to the extent of human salvation: showing that the vilest sinner may, by repentance toward God, and faith in Christ, attain that *rest* which is realized by the children of God. It was while the author was delivering the substance of this discourse at Colum-

bus, Ohio, many years ago, comparing the case of a sinner to a ship about to be wrecked, a sailor suddenly sprung out into the aisle—rushed forward in much confusion, then quickly returned to his seat, under manifest embarrassment. He was asked, shortly after, the cause of his excitement. "Why, sir," said he, "the minister had me out to sea again, before I knew it, and raised a thundering storm. Here she was, bearing down on a lee-shore, and ready to strike on the rocks. Every fellow on board stood gazing, with his flippers in his pockets. What could I do, but rush forward to let go the foresheet? But never a foresheet could I find; for I was still in the church."

4. A VOYAGE TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER, ETC.—This represents Jonah as a striking type of the voluntary sacrifice, and triumphant resurrection of our blessed Savior. It is also a pointed rebuke of those unreasonable superstitions which some seamen have founded upon the narrative, and which have sometimes influenced them into a course of conduct toward ministers, very foreign to that character of universal benevolence by which the profession is generally distinguished.

5. THE LEVANTER.—This distinguishes between *wholesome* and *useless* fears; and is also a running narrative of the disastrous voyage of St. Paul, in which many important, practical truths are illustrated and enforced.

6. SEA-FIGHT.—This is descriptive of the sinner's conflict—the flesh warring against the spirit, and the

spirit against the flesh. It is partly allegorical; but will be properly esteemed by all who serve on ships of war.

7. RELIEF AT THE HELM.—This treats particularly of the sins of the tongue, and the only remedy. It is not only appropriate for a book of *sea-sermons*, but worthy of the attention of all persons.

8. STORM OF GALILEE.—Pointing out the most remarkable features, in which our Lord differs from our common human nature. Some very useful doctrines are examined in connection with this subject.

9. SOULWRECK.—Warning the Christian of dangers by the way.

10. SHORT TRIP.—A view of the shortness of life, the rapid flight of time, and the certainty of death, as it appeared to Job, under the figure of a swift-sailing ship.

Those who have closely observed how a sermon differs with itself when orally delivered, and when presented to the eye in the impressions of cold type, will not expect these discourses to be clothed with the same unction as when they were delivered by the energetic author to crowded congregations, with all his *sailor fervor* and habitudes. We, however, have good grounds to hope that they will continue to exert much moral power, and be eminently useful in this form, long after the voice of the now living minister is hushed in the silence of the grave.

We hope, also, that this book will spread, not only on the seas, but through all lands, especially in our own country, and that its circulation will excite in

all Churches a just concern for the vast population of sailors who now not only traverse the seas, but have penetrated the remotest lakes and rivers of our mighty continent. O, will not all Christians sympathize with this important and useful class of their race, and by the distribution of this book and other means, labor for their salvation and happiness?

"The Square-Rigged Cruiser" is now sent forth, to sail over the world, under the command of the great Head of the Church; and will be accompanied with many prayers that she may make a prosperous voyage, touch at many hearts, and convey to myriads of precious souls the inestimable "treasures of wisdom and knowledge—the unsearchable riches of Christ."

JOHN F. WRIGHT.

Cincinnati, March 31, 1851.

CONTENTS.

SERMON I.

WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," etc., Psalm cvii, 23–30.....Page 15

SERMON II.

CREATION'S SHEET-ANCHOR, AND MAN'S BEST BOWER.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul," etc., Hebrews vi, 19, 20.....37

SERMON III.

ALL HANDS, AHOY!

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matthew xi, 28.....59

SERMON IV.

A VOYAGE TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER AND BACK.

"So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O, sleeper?" etc., Jonah i, 6.....80

SERMON V.

THE LEVANTER.

"Saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar," etc., Acts xxvii, 24.....103

SERMON VI.

SEA-FIGHT.

"O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river," Isaiah xlviii, 18.....129

SERMON VII.

RELIEF AT THE HELM.

"Behold, also, the ships, which though they be so great," etc., James iii, 4, 5.....Page 156

SERMON VIII.

STORM OF GALILEE.

"But the men marveled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the seas obey him?" Matt. viii, 27.....182

SERMON IX.

SOULWRECK.

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck," 1 Tim. i, 19.....208

SERMON X.

SHORT TRIP.

"They are passed away as the swift ships," Job ix, 26.....232

INTRODUCTION.

THERE has been, of late years, a great reformation among seamen. Bethels have been established, and chaplains have been appointed in many ports, both at home and abroad; and many cheering revivals have taken place. We believe that all this has been by the direction of a wise and holy God. When our Savior began to preach his own everlasting Gospel, he chose his principal ministers from the sea. True, it was an inland sea—a lake; but, still, it was one of the principal seas of the Lord's chosen nation. And in bringing in the latter-day glory, it is not incredible that seamen should be called to bear an important part. The author of this work spent the morning of his life at sea, both afore and abaft the mast. His heart and his affections still twine around his shipmates. The most vivid and lifelike dreams, that come over him in the slumbers of the night, are dressed in marine scenery. Then he is on board, either as a missionary, or a sailor; but always under a sense of religious obligation. At such times, the motion of the

ship, the peculiar odor of the rigging, the saline savor of the Atlantic atmosphere, are all realized with the most indisputable certainty; but he awakes, and finds himself securely moored, by domestic associations, in the far west. He reads of their happy meetings—of their bright conversions, and would love to mingle in their sincere and artless communion; but his lot forbids. While he rejoices in the abundant ministerial provision which is made for seamen, while in port, he knows that their brief stay on land is a kind of parenthesis in their being—a time of extraordinary excitement—of meeting and greeting of connections and friends, if not a time of indulgences less innocent. Perhaps there is no time when the sailor is so accessible to the Gospel, as when he is at home—on the mountain-wave. Then he is removed from many powerful temptations, and the sober realities of life fall on him. Then he has opportunity, in his watches below, to read, and to meditate on religious truths. We can hardly look forward to any time, when every vessel can be supplied with a living minister. These considerations have moved the author to put out this small volume. It might serve as a pocket-companion for the sailor. It is, however, so designed as to be an auxiliary to the pious captain, in holding religious service on the

Sabbath. He thought, at first, of having a prayer at the beginning and ending of each sermon; but on reflection, it seemed to him that praying to God is coming to close quarters, like throwing out our grappling-irons, when it is best for all hands to lean on their own resources. The Lord loves the warm and sincere prayer, that comes from a contrite heart,

"Though thought be broken, language lame."

The author sends forth this volume, humbly imploring the God of the land and the sea, to follow it with his blessing, and to make it useful to many,

"When his poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

ALFRED M. LORRAIN.

Point Harmar, O., March 4, 1851.

THE

SQUARE-RIGGED CRUISER;

OR,

LORRAIN'S SEA-SERMONS.

SERMON I.

Wonders in the Deep.

Those who frequent the dangerous main,
In quest of pleasure, health, or gain,
Should deeply on their minds record,
The wondrous blessings of the Lord.

He oft commands the furious winds,
To scourge them for repeated sins;
The obedient winds his will perform,
Unite, and swell the gathering storm.

The shattered vessel, to the blast,
Resigns her rigging, sails, and mast,
And 'fore the unbridled gale is borne,
With squalls and billows scathed and torn.

Sometimes she caps the stormy scene;
Sometimes she, hopeless, sinks between
Enormous seas, which wildly spread
Their foaming horrors o'er her head.

And now, the deeply-chastened crew,
Their guilty course with sorrow view,
And fainting at the threat'ning roar,
They languish for the distant shore;

While on their humbled, staggering knees,
To heaven they send their noisy pleas;
And loud, from every rocking wave,
They cry, "O, Lord, in mercy save!"

The Lord, in pity, hears them plead,
And bids the frightful gale recede—
Sends milder breezes to escort,
And waft them to their destined port.

O, that the safely-landed crew,
To God, would render praises due;
Still fear and serve him on the shore,
And wander from their Lord no more!

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," etc., PSALM CVII, 23–30.

SOME seamen seem to think, that because they are seamen, and are exposed to extraordinary dangers and privations, in this world, they will not be judged like other men; and that the Lord will save them, merely because they are poor sailors. Our text conveys a different idea. It shows us that God exercises an impartial government over the children of men. Having formed the sea, as well as the dry land, his jurisdiction is extended over both. His works are manifest to all, and all are left without excuse. "*They that go down to the sea in ships*"—captains, officers, seamen, passengers, and all who go to sea, whether for pleasure, health, or gain; these see the works of the Lord.

I. The works of *creation*. In traversing the ocean, we do not meet with as great a variety of scenery, as we do in traveling on the land. There are no verdant mountains and flowery vales; no frightful precipices and gloomy dells. But the prospect, at sea, is by no means a dull uniformity. It is considerably varied and diversified, by weather, and dif-

ferent grades of wind; from the gentle zephyr, that slightly ruffles the surface, to the raging tempest, that dashes the foaming billows to the skies, till all seems to be tumbled into lawless, but sublime confusion. And my mind has never been more overpowered, by the grandeur of creation, than when I have been clinging, a giddy sailor-boy, at the mast-head, almost identified with the driving tempest. If, on the land, we are pleased with the animated works of God, from the tall elephant that roves through the forests of Africa, to the smallest insect that creeps beneath our feet, we are no less delighted with the living wonders of the great deep. Hear the account which our Creator himself gives of the mighty king of floods: "The arrow can not make him flee. Sling-stones are turned, with him, into stubble. He laugheth at the shaking of a spear. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him. One would think the deep to be hoary. Upon the *earth* there is not his like, who is made without fear."

Yes, we have ample room for observation: from the monstrous whale, who spouts his pride to the heavens, down to the restless flying-fish, that is scarcely satisfied with the enjoyment of two elements. Observe the little nautilus. Although it scarcely borders on animation, yet, furnished with sail and rudder, it navigates the seas, with a precision which would beggar the calculations of a Hamilton Moore. When driven by storms from the latitude of its nativity, it beats its passage back to its sacred home.

Where is the ship, that can lie so near the wind? Where the crew, that can make and take in sail with such facility? The "*wonders of God,*" also, are seen on the sea, as well as on the land.

We have not time, here, to dwell on all the wonders of the great deep. We might give the waterspout as an example. For several years we had an opportunity of observing the singular operations and freaks of this great phenomenon. But while on a voyage to New Orleans, we were brought into a very close and dangerous investigation of this wonder of the deep. Our attention was arrested by a little dark cloud to windward, by its remaining perfectly stationary, notwithstanding considerable breeze was stirring at the time. Presently, a black streak shot down from it, and, winding about in a tortuous, serpentine manner, it fastened upon the waters; it then began to swell and enlarge, till it seemed to be about the size of our mainmast. In the mean time, the cloud spread wider, and grew blacker. Presently the spout withdrew from the sea, slowly winding up like a corkscrew. But so great was the suction, that the water rose, and followed it to a considerable hight, and presented to the eyes of the admiring crew, the novel spectacle of a watery mound. In a few moments it returned, lean and meager, as at the beginning, and fastened with increased greediness on the water, and continued to draw and swell, till failing gradually, at its junction with the cloud, it fell into the sea. The cloud, now loosened from its anchorage, rolled swiftly and majestically over

our heads, to the no small relief of all on board; for I never knew an incident at sea to excite a more intense and painful interest. For my part, I could not help exclaiming, "Surely, some angelic agent of heaven is concealed behind that cloud, executing, with a masterly hand, the orders of the upper world!" The whole operation appeared so mechanical, that it seemed to me as though we had intruded into one of those secret places of the Almighty, where he prepares the refreshing showers, to water and revive distant mountains. But the wonders of the Lord, displayed on the deep, are great and many; and well might the poet exclaim,

> "Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
> In your eternal roar;
> Let wave to wave resound his praise,
> And shore reply to shore."

II. They see the work of divine Providence. The work of providence is as great as the work of creation. It requires as much power to uphold and sustain all things, continually, as it did to create them. There are some who acknowledge a general, but deny a *particular* providence. They believe that God superintends the rise and fall of nations—that he has something to do with victories and defeats—the destruction of fleets and armies; but they do not believe that he interferes with the private concerns of individuals. Now, what would we think of that man, who would acknowledge the existence of a ship, and at the same time deny the beams, timbers, spars, and rigging, that constitute the ship?

Who does not see that a general providence is made up of particulars? It is said by objectors, that it is degrading to the character of the supreme Being to suppose that he will condescend to notice small matters, while he has such an immense universe to manage. But this is rather a reflection upon his infinite perfection. It is true that a man, however great he may be, can not attend, properly, to more than one thing at a time; and this is a consequence of his imperfection—his limited and finite powers. And to suppose that the Almighty can not attend to small things, because he has so many worlds to govern, is to make him like one of us. How much more sublime is the doctrine of the Bible, that while with one glance he takes in the universe, the smallest particle that is floating in the atmosphere does not escape his attention; the hairs of our head are all numbered, and not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice!

An infidel once overtook a shepherd going to Church. "Well, my man," said he, "where are you going?" The good man replied, "To the church—to worship God." "What, do you expect to find God in a house?" said the infidel, and added, "How *big*, or, rather, how *little* do you suppose your God to be?" The humble Christian, stretching forth one of his hands toward the skies, and laying the other on his bosom, solemnly exclaimed, "My God is so great, that the heaven of heavens can not contain him; and yet he is so small, that he condescends to dwell in my poor heart."

Again: others have contended that the devil has the command of the winds. To prove this, it has been said, that he is called, in the Scriptures, the prince of the power of the air. After all that has been said on that passage, we are not convinced that it means any thing more, than that the malign and powerful influence of the devil is diffused abroad among the children of disobedience, as the atmospherical air pervades the creation. We admit, that when the Lord is about to execute the strange work of judgment, he sometimes employs evil spirits, and that because the work of destruction is more agreeable to them, than it is to the pure and holy ones, who love to fly on errands of mercy, and to wait on those who shall be heirs of salvation. The Lord once gave the devil the command of the wind for a little while, for the purpose of afflicting Job; but even then he had his restrictions: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." But whether good or evil spirits are employed, our text shows that it is the Lord who stands at the helm—it is "he who commandeth and raiseth the stormy winds, that lifteth up the waves thereof." And let no man rob the sailor of this comfort; for if, in the midst of the ragings of the tempest, the devil is to have his trick at the wheel, we might well exclaim, "Woe to the inhabitants of the sea!"

We might know, moreover, that it is the Lord who "*commandeth*," from the circumstance of the gale generally coming on in such a merciful and gradual manner, as to afford the skillful captain an

opportunity to prepare to meet its violence. He generally has premonitory symptoms of its coming. First, he reluctantly takes in his light sails. But, as the wind increases, he is under the necessity of reefing, double-reefing, and close-reefing. Now, they send down their top-gallant-yards and masts; and, perhaps, the hands have scarcely reached the decks before they are ordered up to hand the top-sails.

"Now it freshens! Set the braces;
Quick the top-sail sheets let go!
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces;
Up the top-sails nimbly clew!"

Sometimes they are under the necessity of sending down the top-sail-yards, and housing the top-masts. We were once in a gale, when we had to lower down our mainyard and lash it athwart the beam, while the ship scudded under bare poles. Sometimes it gets worse still, and they have to cut away the masts. But the gale becomes a perfect hurricane, and all hope of being saved is entirely taken away. This is about the situation which is described in our text. "*They are at their wits' end.*" They have come to the end of all their knowledge in seamanship and navigation. "*They mount up to heaven; they go down again into the deep.*" Now "*their souls are melted, because of trouble.*" The active sailor can scarcely keep his feet. "*They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.*" Every moment they expect to sink into a watery grave. The voice of cursing and blasphemy is hushed. In silent anguish they gaze

upon each other, in "sad presage." The faithful captain, still true to his charge, addresses them in language like this: "Well, my brave boys, you have done your duty like men. You have my thanks; and this is all I can give you in this moment of extremity. All has been done that man or seamanship can do." And then, after a solemn pause, he adds, "There is *one*, and *but* one, expedient left;" and, raising his voice in all the agony of humbled nature, he exclaims, "Muster aft all hands! Douse your tarpaulins, and let us call on the great God!" My Lord! is it come to this? "Bend sinews; bow knees; help, Lord!" "Then call they upon the name of the Lord." The cries, the groans, the shrieks of the unhappy crew, rise superior to all the howlings of the tempest; and He who rides upon the wings of the careering wind "looks down in mercy on the feeble toil of mortals lost to hope," and "*delivers them out of all their distresses.*" Instances of such deliverance are too numerous to record. Indeed, in many cases, the Lord has arrested the sea, in all its rage of tempest, and has, emphatically, turned the *storm* itself into a *calm;* and that in the most astonishing and miraculous manner. "*Then are they glad, because they be quiet.*" And, truly, there is no mere earthly joy superior to that which is realized by men who have been thus providentially delivered from a watery grave; and that my soul right well knows. Well might we add, "*O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful dealings*

with the children of men!" For, when brought safely to the desired haven, they too often express their joy by acts of sin, by spending their substance among harlots, and in riotous living, and drive on in their downward career to ruin, as if hell kicked them on end. O, sinner, pay unto the Lord your vows, and sin against his throne no more!

III. They see the work of divine grace. The work of grace has been experienced on the high seas, almost for time immemorial. In ancient times it used to be said, "Would you teach your boy to pray? send him to sea." But, for generations past, sailors have been proverbial for wickedness. They were so, when we followed the sea. But, even in that dark day, we saw, here and there, a traveler to Mount Zion. They were lights in a dark place, and were, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Lately there has been a great revival among seamen. It is not uncommon to find religious officers and religious sailors. On some vessels, they have their regular morning and evening prayers. Classes have been formed, even in the navy. May God revive his work still more, till every ship shall become a chapel, every officer a minister of Christ, and every sailor a temple of the blessed Spirit! Glory to God! the night is far spent, and the day is at hand! We know that it is the fourth watch of the night; for Jesus is walking triumphantly on the seas. But, it may be asked, how does the work of grace loom on the seas? There are different ideas concerning it there, as well as on the land. Some

think that it is the sovereign work of God, in which the moral agency of man has no concern. Others go into the opposite extreme, and think that man possesses natural powers, by which he may prepare himself for the joys of an endless life. These two extremes are equally false—equally ruinous. Scripture and experience show us a middle course, and here we have plain sailing. There are some things in the great work of religion which are wrought by the sovereignty of the Almighty, regardless of the will of man, and sometimes in direct opposition to his will. There are other things which are required of man, quickened, as he is, by the grace which bringeth salvation.

1. Conviction is the sovereign work of God, and, because it is his work, man is not commanded to do it. But the word of God plainly shows that the Holy Spirit will do this. He will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come.

2. Repentance and faith are fairly referred to man, the Lord having endued him with power to act. Hence, it is said, "Repent *ye*, and *be* converted." This is a work which God, in the nature of things, can not do, and which he has never promised to do, for man.

3. Regeneration, or the entire renewal of our nature, in the image of Him who created us, is a work which nothing but almighty Power can perform.

Now for an illustration. God has something to do even in navigation; so has man. Man can hoist

his sails, board tacks, and gather aft; but, after all this, he can not raise the wind; and, when it is raised, he can not make it veer and haul to suit his purpose. If he labors and toils with all his strength, and the Lord withholds the breeze, he can make no headway. On the other hand, if the most favorable breezes should be sent, and man should remain entirely inactive, with his hands in their brackets, still there would be no sailing. But when the industrious seaman has done his duty, set all sail, and trimmed his yards, then he may raise his imploring eyes to heaven, and say—

> "Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
> Has done his part; ye fostering breezes, blow!"

But let us illustrate the work of grace by our text.

1. Conviction. "*The Lord commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind.*" Man, previous to conviction, is involved in an awful, deceitful calm; such a dead calm, that he is said to be dead in trespasses and in sins. His soul is not ruffled by temptation; for he yields to the sweeping stream. It is easy to drift with the tide. His ignorance of divine things, too, is also a fruitful source of false peace and tranquillity. "He who knows nothing, fears nothing." He is fast asleep on the bosom of carnal security. But when the light of God breaks into his mind, and discovers to him the holiness of God, the purity of his law, and the wretched, fallen condition of the sinner, there ariseth an awful conflict within; a dreadful storm is sprung in the soul. The

sinner is torn and agitated by the tempest of Divine conviction. The Lord has his own way in "*raising the stormy wind.*" He struck Saul to the ground, as with a flash of lightning. Peter, James, and John he called with a still, small voice, "*Follow me.*" These calls were equally successful. It requires more power to awaken some than to awaken others. So it is in natural sleep. When we call all hands, on board, some will start, at the first alarm, and spring from their berths, in full possession of all their faculties; while others must be dragged from their nests, and shaken powerfully before they can be fully aroused. It is not, then, the manner, but the fact, which we inquire into. Have you been convinced that you are a sinner in the sight of God, exposed to the wrath of Heaven, and in danger of eternal fire? If so, it makes little difference whether this has been done by a sermon, a shipwreck, a flash of lightning, or a still, small voice; the Lord hath done it.

2. Repentance. The sinner who yields to conviction repents. "*His soul is melted within him, because of trouble.*" He is troubled at his situation. He finds himself tossed on the frightful billows of sin, every moment in danger of eternal shipwreck. He is troubled, because he has sinned against so good a God. And, under the influence of divine grace, the Holy Spirit giving him a good will, he begins to haul in his light sails of vanity. But still the storm increases; the tempest of condemnation bears down heavy upon him. "*He has come to his*

wits' end." Yea, "*he staggers to and fro, like a drunken man.*" Sometimes, by a flow of hope, he is lifted up to heaven. Again he sinks down into the deeps of despair. He now douses every sail of opposition; lets fly the last rag of self-righteousness; lays to, under bare poles, a poor, helpless, self-condemned, and dependent sinner. "*Then calls he upon the name of the Lord.*" Here we would call the sinner's attention particularly to the duty of prayer. Some will say, "God is unchangeable; and how can we hope that our feeble prayers will move him from his purpose?" True, God is unchangeable; that is, in his character, and in all his glorious attributes. He is unchangeably holy, merciful, just, and true; and he can not so change as to become unholy, cruel, unjust, and false. But, were we to say that he does not change, in regard to his dealings with men, we would contradict his own declaration: "Thus saith the Lord, At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, to pluck up, to pull down, and destroy it. If that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil which I thought to do unto them." An extraordinary case of this kind you will find in the people of Nineveh. The designs of God, concerning an individual, may change as often as the individual changes his moral relation to God; and that, too, without the character of God changing. If the Lord should love a man to-day because he is righteous, and should continue to love him to-morrow, after he has become wicked, then, indeed,

would the whole character of God be changed. He would *love righteousness* to-day and *love sin* to-morrow. When a ship is engaged in lawful commerce, under the American flag, all the laws of our country will protect and defend her. But let that ship turn, and become a pirate, and take to herself a roving commission to sink, burn, and destroy, and in one moment all the laws of the land will be leveled against her, and our men-of-war would pursue her from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in order to bring her to condign punishment. And would he not be a poor, simple lubber, who should say, "How have the laws of the United States changed! Yesterday they protected us. Yesterday the American frigates would have convoyed, and fought for us, to the ends of the earth; but now, behold! they are chasing and taking us as lawful prizes!" The laws have not changed. They read to-day as they did yesterday. But the ship has changed her relation to the government, and the laws have, consequently, changed in their operation on her. So the character and attributes of the Lord change not; but they act on vacillating man, according to his moral position—tribulation and anguish to every soul that doeth evil; but to him who seeketh honor and immortality, eternal life.

Now, it is on this immutability of God's character that we found and predicate all our hopes that he will hear and answer prayer. We argue that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and, inasmuch as he, in times past, heard and answered

the prayers of men, he will still hear and answer. Is the Lord's arm shortened at all, that he can not save? Is his ear heavy, that he can not hear? Then pray earnestly, believe firmly, and the Lord will deliver you out of all your troubles. In answer to prayer, his providence will save you from a watery grave. In answer to prayer, his grace will save you from the lake of fire. How appropriate the song of Bishop Heber!

"When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'

O, Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!'

And, O, when the whirlpool of passion is raging,
And Sin in our breasts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'"

3. Justification and regeneration. "*He bringeth them out of all their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.*" The Spirit of God moves on the dark waters of the soul, and says, "Peace, be still!" and there is a great calm. The sinner is justified freely, born of God, renewed in the spirit of his mind, and all his jarring conflicts are hushed to rest. He is filled with holy joy. New views, new motives, new feelings spring up within the soul, and the storm of conviction is turned into a *holy* calm. "*Then is he glad.*" How can he be otherwise? If sailors feel

glad when delivered from shipwreck, may not sinners rejoice when snatched from a gaping hell? Yes, they are exceedingly glad. They often shout for joy. And even when they do not, if you could see their hearts as God sees them, you would see nothing but *righteousness*, and *peace*, and *joy* in the Holy Ghost. They are mistaken who suppose religion to be gloomy. What! gloomy, to be delivered from the wrath to come?—gloomy, to have the approbation of God, and the testimony of a good conscience? O, no! this would make a devil happy, if he could have it. If he could be delivered from a guilty conscience, and could taste the pardoning love of God, he would shout the high praises of the Lord, and shed a halo of glory through the most benighted caverns of damnation.

4. Glorification. "*And the Lord bringeth them to the desired haven.*" When I was a little sailor-boy, it seemed to me that the day on which we arrived was the happiest day of all the voyage. The change in our fare, and in our employment; the fragrant breezes, that swept over the orchards and meadows, and met us on the way; the delightful scenery; the singing of the birds on the banks of the river; the vivacity of all hands, tended to tranquilize our minds, and fill our hearts with joy. And who can describe the meeting of friends, and the interest which even strangers took in our arrival? But what is all this in comparison with the happiness which will attend the arrival of a tempest-beaten soul in glory! There are many in our Amer-

ican ports who have emigrated from England, Ireland, Germany, and other countries. Sometimes these hear that some of their dear friends are about to weigh anchor, and follow them to this land of liberty. What an excitement this news generally creates! How anxiously they watch every arrival! Presently it is reported, there is another ship in the offing. The news spreads through the city, and the inhabitants pour down to the wharf. All is anxiety while the vessel enters into port. Every eye is strained, every spy-glass leveled. How they watch the movement of every yard, the touch of every buntline, the walk, the gestures of every one on board! Now the swelling canvas bears her on. She rushes toward the silent crowd. Now they let fly their top-sail halyards; clew up their courses; the splashing anchor tumbles from the bow; soon the bounding jolly-boat makes for the wharf; and now they are bowsing her in, with a hearty "Yo-he-vo!" My soul! my soul! there is a scene which a seraph might riot in! Wives and husbands are clasped together. Parents and children rush into each other's arms. True, they weep; but they weep tears of joy. Even strangers feel the glow; while tears of sympathy flow down the cheeks of the weather-beaten sailor.

Well, my hearts of oak, some of our relations and messmates have emigrated. And where to? Glory to God! to a better country than America! They have gone to heaven; to the land of rest; the saint's delight; the haven desired by all way-worn

pilgrims. It has long been a matter of dispute, in the Church, whether heaven is a *state*, or *place*. Some think that it is a state, and that our disembodied friends are all around us. We believe that it is a place—a place of habitation. But is it not probable that, when our friends die and go to heaven, they are permitted to give some information of our spiritual welfare in this world, to those whom we love? If so, when some of your afflicted classmates shall shoot the solemn gulf, and arrive at home, and some of your celestial friends, and bright and happy spirits, who are looking out for you to come, shall begin to inquire of your state, they may answer, and say, "O, they will soon be here! When I left the earth, they had their signal up for sailing. The doctor had given them up. Death was about to sign their clearance. They will soon be here. Rest quietly a few moments, under the altar, till they have finished their testimony." O, what joyful news will it be to our friends on the other side of the flood! Our kindred on earth will weep around our dying bodies; but there will be joy in heaven. And O, my brethren, will you permit my religious fancy to soar a region higher in the contemplation of this glory? For now methinks I hear the look-out angel on the hill of Zion cry out, with a voice of seven-fold thunder, "Sail ho! sail ho! There is a sail in the offing. It is the packet of death. I see her signal; and she is crowded with passengers!" O, my shipmates, the news will spread like lightning through the gold-paved streets of the New Jeru-

salem! Now the bright and glittering inhabitants pour down to the beach of eternity. And here she comes! Alleluiah! Not dependent on the sluggish winds of time; but, as quick as the nimble lightning shoots athwart the skies, she rushes to the strand. Ah! there is the landing-place; the sea-shore that is sanded with gold dust, and graveled with diamonds, and all manner of precious stones! And, O, there will be shouting! shouting! shouting! on the banks of an endless life! Parents and children there will meet—will meet to part no more. Wives and husbands, captains and sailors, preachers and people, there will meet—will meet to part no more. This is no fiction. For just such a harbor has God prepared for his weather-beaten Church. In the time of Zion's deepest affliction, when wave after wave beat over her bows, the Lord addressed her with all the tender solicitude of a husband, "O, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy foundation with sapphires; thy gates with agate; all, all thy borders with precious stones!" The Lord convicts, and when the sinner repents and believes, he converts and sanctifies. But some may say, "This repenting, and praying, reading, fasting, and watching, is hard work, and we are discouraged from undertaking it." We would ask if heaven and eternal life are not worth the struggle? See the sailor, entering on board a ship, to perform a dangerous and difficult voyage! He knows he will toil many sleepless nights on deck; that he will have dangerous duties to perform; and,

probably, pine away for days on short allowance. Yet he has an eye to the reward; and when he arrives, and receives his wages, and has a few days' liberty on shore, he forgets his troubles, and is satisfied. Shall we thus labor for the things that perish? and shall we consider heaven not worth an effort? O, how well will all be rewarded who enter into the service of Christ! He will bring them to the desired port, and pay them off; not with a few perishing shiners; but with crowns of glory, palms of victory, durable riches, and all the indescribable blessings of the world aloft. And they will have an eternity of liberty, to range the blest fields on the banks of the river; and Christ will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; your voyage is over; your warfare is accomplished; enter ye into the haven of your God!"

"When wrapped in the shadows of night,
The sinner reposes at ease,
A stranger to heavenly light,
His calm is not broke by a breeze.

But when on the waters, so dark,
The spirit of righteousness blows,
The storm overwhelms his frail bark,
And shatters his guilty repose.

Now, sinking with anguish, he rends
The lowermost hell of despair;
Now, lifted by hope, he ascends,
And the heavens re-echo with prayer.

For mercy, for mercy he calls—
Self-righteousness justly abhorred;
Like a drunkard, he staggers, and falls
At the feet of his crucified Lord.

The tempest is hushed to a calm,
  And mercy from heaven descends,
While a reconciled God, through the Lamb,
  An unmerited pardon extends.

The soul with salvation is clad,
  While the angels such mercy applaud;
The justified sinner is glad,
  And shouts, 'The salvation of God!'"

SERMON II.

CREATION'S SHEET-ANCHOR AND MAN'S BEST BOWER.

JESUS, our Anchor firm, abides
Within the heavenly vail;
At which Creation safely rides;
While Time exhausts its gale.

The Christian's hopeful anchor, too,
Within the pier is cast,
And, locked in th' eternal flue,
Defies the mundane blast.

Though angry devils rage and roar,
With tempests loud and dark;
Yet Christ, our pilot, will secure
The weather-beaten bark.

And as the tide of time shall swell,
Death, with his active crew,
Will man the rattling windlass well,
And heave us safely through.

Yes, through the pearly gates we'll pass:
Escape these lower gales,
And, on the eternal sea of glass,
Spread our immortal sails!

With the once-scattered squadron meet,
That sailed in the convoy;
And join the whole refitted fleet,
And swell the general joy.

There, in the heaven-protected dock,
We'll store our tears away:
We'll bowse our sorrows all ablock,
And for full due belay.

"This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus," HEBREWS VI, 19, 20.

WHEN our Lord was in this world, preaching his own Gospel, he generally addressed his congregations in the language, or phraseology, to which they were accustomed. When speaking to such as were engaged in agriculture, he compared the kingdom of heaven to a man who went out to sow seed. When describing the same kingdom to fishermen, he likened it to a net cast into the sea. To persons employed in household matters, he said the kingdom of heaven is "like a little leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till the whole became leavened."

After the ascension of our Lord, his inspired apostles pursued the same judicious method. They sometimes represent the Christian's conflict in this life as a *race*. "In a *race* all run. Let us run with patience the *race* set before us." Sometimes they call it a *warfare:* "The weapons of our *warfare* are not carnal." In our text, the apostle uses the language of a sailor: "This hope we have as an *anchor* of the soul."

In explaining this text, we will attend principally to the analogy of the subject. Indeed, there is a very striking analogy existing between a literal voyage on the high seas, and the more important voyage of human life. In the former, we have our storms and our calms. Sometimes not a solitary breath of air ruffles the smooth expanse—all is lovely and

tranquil. At other times the mustering clouds begin to gather over our heads, the lightnings flash, the thunder rolls, the foaming billows rush, like mountains, to the skies; and the distressed mariner expects every moment to be swallowed up in the deep and dark abyss. Just so in human life. Sometimes all is placid and calm—not a wave of trouble rolls across the peaceful breast, to disturb the even tenor of the mind. At other times the dark and scowling clouds of adversity arise—the chilling blasts of poverty blow—heavy squalls of temptation descend; and the poor voyager through life is ready to sit down in sorrow, and let the waves of despair overwhelm him. But let us trace the voyage through.

1. When a ship is about to put out to sea, it is necessary to have what is called a good "*departure*"—the true bearings, and distance of the cape, or headland, which she is about to leave; for, if the departure is incorrect, the consequence will be that the reckoning will become more and more erroneous every day, and, in the absence of clear weather, may involve the navigator in a series of difficulties, from which he may not easily extricate himself. So, also, it is necessary that souls, who have to prosecute the voyage of human life, should have a good departure. By this we mean a liberal and pious education. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We knew a man who, in his lisping childhood, was guilty of *one oath*, which was overheard by his father, who promptly gave him a severe chas-

fisement; and, although he afterward traversed the seas for several years, in a ship which the crew themselves familiarly called a floating hell, and although he fell into many wicked practices, yet he was never heard, in all his wanderings, to use profane language again. Those who have a religious departure, possess a signal advantage over all others who are navigating life's dangerous seas. This is particularly offered to parents, and guardians, who are in charge of young, but deathless spirits.

2. It is necessary that a ship should be furnished with a *chart*, to direct her in her voyage. By a chart, we mean a marine-map, on which all the currents, isles, rocks, shoals, and dangers, which are connected with the sea about to be navigated, are accurately laid down; so that the skillful captain can spread it out, and with his scale and dividers mark the several courses and distances which he has run, so as to have his whole voyage, in miniature, before him. And he can see, at one glance, the relation in which he stands to every object around him. The immortal soul must, also, have a chart. The necessity of such a chart almost proves its existence. We see that all things around us are governed by law. The planets, which roll in majestic splendor over our heads, although they are continually performing their annual and diurnal revolutions, are so governed by the attractive and repulsive laws of heaven, that they can not possibly come in contact with each other, or infringe upon the smallest particle of matter that is afloat in all the extensive empire

of God's dominions. The brute creation is governed by the laws of instinct. And be these laws what they may, they have come from God. The ox knoweth his master, and the ass his owner's crib. The faithful dog starts at the first approach of the robber, and sounds the alarm in his master's ears. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, are all continually doing their duty, and answering the special purposes for which they were created. And can we suppose that the Lord would thus instruct all the meaner creation, and make manifest, even to the most loathsome reptile, his duty, and at the same time leave man—the noblest workmanship of his hand—he who bears the stamp and impress of the Deity on his front—who walks with countenance erect, and eyes on heaven—

> "He for whose sake all nature stands,
> And stars their courses move"—

leave him, I say, at the head of the lower creation, grasping the reins of universal government in his hands, without a compass to direct, or star to guide him, through all the dreary paths of human life? No; man has a chart—a precious chart; and that chart is the Bible. This is a perfect chart. Common charts are hardly ever perfect. They are sometimes drawn wrong; and when drafted right, typographical errors occur in the publication. But "the law of the Lord is *perfect*, converting the soul." This chart is *right*, and a *sure* directory, and can be implicitly depended on. "The statutes of the Lord are *right*, rejoicing the heart; the testimonies of the

Lord are *sure*, making wise the simple." Moreover, the Christian's chart is a *clean* and pure chart. It often happens that when a literal chart is tolerably correct, it is soiled, or chafed, by use, so that it is difficult to trace, and portions of it are entirely defaced; but it is not so with the law of God—man's best chart. "The commandment of the Lord is *pure*, enlightening; . . . . the fear of the Lord is *clean*, *enduring* forever." O, it is a *valuable*—a *sweet* chart! "more to be desired than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter, also, than honey, or the honeycomb." In this glorious chart, all the rocks, shoals, quicksands, sins, and propensities, on which it is possible for an immortal soul to founder, are carefully laid down, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.

> "Most wondrous book—bright candle of the Lord!
> Chart of eternity! The only chart
> By which the bark of man can navigate
> The sea of life, and gain the port of bliss."

3. A chart would be of little service on board, without a compass. A compass is a circular card, on which all the points of the horizon are marked. The north point, which is distinguished by a *fleur de lis*, or some other ornament, is fixed in such a relation to the magnetic needle, that when the card is left to revolve freely, the northern point will be directed toward the north pole. By the help of this compass, the helmsman can steer to any point in the horizon; and, although he may steer wildly, or, as the sailor would say, yaw miserably, yet he can not

do so without being admonished of his error by the faithful compass that lies before him. Now, conscience is the compass of the soul. As the magnetic needle points to the pole, so a well-instructed conscience—one that is deeply imbued with divine grace, and regulated by the word of God, the lodestone of eternal truth—will perpetually point to duty, to grace, to glory, and to God; and, although man, in the abuse of his moral agency, may steer wide of the glory of God, yet he can not do so without being reproved and admonished by that sleepless monitor within; at least, he can not while the light of life glows in the binnacle.

4. The ship must have a *rudder*. The rudder is made of flattened pieces of timber, and is swung to the stern in a vertical position, and left to turn freely on its irons. When the vessel is forced through the water by the wind, a current presses on both sides of the rudder, and, by a proper movement of the helm, the head of the vessel can be thrown to either side, or, indeed, in any direction. This beautifully represents the human will. There has been much said about *natural* ability and *moral* ability; but, without controversy, we would simply say, that man has a will, or he has not. If he has not, he is a mere machine, drifting about on a sea of uncertainty, tossed to and fro by every wind of chance, and is not an accountable being. But if he has a will, then is he answerable to God for all the deeds done in the body. Now, as the mariner handles the helm, in accordance with the direction of his compass, and

keeps his course, so man, by the grace of God, can exercise his *will* according to the movements of a conscience divinely illuminated; and so his head is kept up for the New Jerusalem, and his wake sparkles with glory.

5. The ship has her masts, yards, sails, and rigging. These are like the means of grace—prayer, fasting, reading, and meditation. But when the vessel is thus equipped—her sails bent, hoisted up, and sheeted home, and all her yards trimmed—still she does not move; she lies, rolling like a lifeless log, on the bosom of the great deep. She is waiting for the favorable breezes of heaven. Here, vain is the help of man. The fainting crew sigh; and you may see them leaning over the bows, superstitiously whistling to arouse the slumbering air. Perhaps some pious soul is breathing his prayers to a higher power. But see, it comes in the far distance, darkly dancing on the surface of the great deep. Presently it kisses the top-ga'nt-sails—strikes the top-sails—swells the courses; every rope-yarn moves; the spars creak; the beams and timbers gather life and animation; the compass trembles; the tiller quivers; and away she goes, with a whistling wind, and a bone in her teeth. In like manner, Christians can do nothing of themselves; but, by the grace of God they can do all things: they can use the means—watch and pray—board tacks, and gather aft, trim their yards, look aloft, and, glory to God! the heavenly breezes of grace will come—strike their immortal souls, animate their drowsy powers, and away

they will go, heads up, for Mount Zion! And did we ever hear of a ship lying on the ocean till it decayed and dropped to pieces, for want of a wind? No, never. It is true that every vessel is not visited by favorable breezes at the same time, or in the same degree, or under the same circumstances; but the breeze comes, sooner or later; so that all have an opportunity, if they will improve it, of getting into port. Thus, "the grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men." "Yes," say some, "common grace." We care not whether you call it *common*, or *uncommon;* it is the grace that *bringeth salvation;* and that grace is good enough for poor sinners.

6. A ship fitted up as above, can, with the favoring winds of heaven, do much good. A ship binds together the nations of the earth, in a golden chain of commerce. She brings to our shores many of the comforts and luxuries of life. When multiplied into a navy, they bear our republic thunder to the ends of the earth, and become a mighty bulwark of human freedom. Indeed, we are indebted, under God, to the invention of ships, for the very soil on which we were born. And can we here forget the illustrious Columbus?

> The man, who first, with enterprising keel,
> Urged by determined resolution, plowed
> The vast—unmeasured billows of the west?
> Of all the noble souls who ever stemm'd
> The wide, tempestuous ocean, greatest he!
> He bade another, and a better world
> Arise to view. He opened to mankind
> A fair asylum from despotic sway.

> The recompense he gained, were chains and death;
> But, after death, a never-dying fame.

It may be said that ships have been perverted to foul purposes, such as piracy, and the slave-trade. This is true, as exceptions; but what has been more successful, instrumentally, in suppressing these evils? See that miserable picaroon, that has been running down the coast of Africa, and robbing unhappy Guinea of her children! She is homeward-bound, freighted with human spoil. Hundreds of suffering mortals are crowded together in her poisonous hold. But the gallant frigate has spied her, and will not let her pass. She tacks and beats, and outs with her boats and sweeps, till she brings them under the sweep of her long-toms. Does she still crowd? Does she expect to escape the just judgments of almighty God? No, no; the man-of-war takes the weather-gauge. Now she lets fly a bow-chaser. Now she opens her broadsides. Bear away; bear away, boys! Out with your grappling-irons! board her! board her! Down with her bloody flag!

> "Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
> And bid the cruel feel the pains they give."

The captives rejoice. Their chains fall off; and under the wide-spread wings of Mercy, they are wafted away to Liberia, or some distant part of God's universe, where they once more breathe the uncontaminated air of glorious freedom. As the ship can do much good, when properly manned, and favored with the winds of heaven, so the Christian, sustained by divine influences, may do many good works.

God requires it of him. If we are faithful, the Lord will say to us in the last day, "Come, ye blessed of my Father: I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me. Enter ye into the joys of your Lord."

7. A ship at sea can not always have fair weather; and it is a common saying among seamen, that the devil himself would be a sailor, if he could always have fair weather, and could look aloft. Sometimes, no small tempest will lay upon us: sun, moon, and stars, are not seen for many days. When this is the case, and we can no longer get a sight of the sun, we have to depend altogether on *dead reckoning*, as it is called—work our way by calculation. Now, it is so difficult to make proper allowance for leeway, and unknown currents, especially in stormy times, that our log-book will soon become very erroneous. But the careful captain does not feel easy in this situation. Every day, toward noon, he will walk the decks with much anxiety, with his quadrant in hand, in hopes of catching the sun. Every now and then he raises the instrument to his eyes. Presently the clouds part; he quickly lifts his quadrant, and takes the sun. He now ascertains the true latitude, knows where he is, and can discover when and where he erred in his calculations, and can correct his log-book. Nor do Christians always sail in sunshine. Sometimes they are in heaviness, and darkness, through manifold temptations. In this situation, they make calculations, and feel their way as best they may. But the child of God is not satisfied

with *dead reckoning*. A mere "*hope so*," will not do, when eternal life is at stake. He is constantly raising the quadrant of prayer, and straining the eye of faith. At last, bless Heaven! the clouds break, the darkness flies, and the unclouded beams of the Sun of righteousness look out, and shine upon the soul—the Spirit's seal. He now knows where he is, and can look up, and read his title clear to mansions in the skies; and can say, "Abba, Father," with an unfaltering tongue. He can now see and correct some of his errors; and, if there are any which he can not straighten, he has an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ, the righteous.

8. A ship can not do without an *anchor*. We hardly need state that an anchor is a ponderous iron instrument, which is used to hold the vessel to her moorings, when she enters a bay, roadstead, or river. Now, it is not the minister who is addressing you; but the inspired author of our text, who declares that *hope* is the Christian's anchor. Hope, when personified, has always been represented as leaning on an anchor. This is to show the stability and imperishable character of Christian hope. The apostle says that this hope, or anchor, enters into that within the vail. Now, the question arises, What is meant by *that* within the vail? It means that the Christian's anchor enters into that anchor which is within the vail. Here are two anchors—one expressed, and the other clearly implied. The anchor within the vail represents our Lord Jesus Christ, considered in his eternal power and Godhead.

This is the great sheet-anchor of the universe. He upholds and supports all things by the word of his power. All things, whether visible or invisible—thrones and dominions, principalities and powers—are upheld by this anchor within the vail. The Christian's hope, the pardoned sinner's *best bower*, is firmly locked in this immovable mooring. We might elicit some light on this subject, from customs which prevail, even in modern times, in some ports. In the river Thames, England, ponderous anchors are ranged along the bottom, at proper distances from each other. When a ship arrives, as soon as the tide slacks, a barge comes along side, which is furnished with a windlass, and all necessary purchase. The bargemen heave up the ring of the great anchor, make fast the ship's cable to it, let it go, and they heave in the slack on board. They then moor the stern in the same way, and bowse all taut. As many as five or six vessels are thus moored to the same anchors, and made fast to each other. On both sides of the channel they are thus ranged for two or three miles, all riding at anchors, within the port. Beside this, they have docks for the better security of the ship. These can be entered only at the flood tide, or high water. Ships entering with the rising tide, make fast, and wait till full flood. Then the gates are opened; the vessels are warped in, and made fast to ring-bolts, or anchors, imbedded in the solid wharves; and, being surrounded by high walls, they are as safe as if stored away in a warehouse. The ports in ancient

times were often artificial, and had anchors, such as they were, to fasten to, within the dock, or pier-head. The Christian is here represented as not having got into heaven, but as having got so near that he resembles the vessel which has arrived near the port, but, in consequence of the state of the tide, can not get in. She sends out her hawser and kedge, and fastens to the anchor within the vail, and waits patiently the rising of the tide.

9. But here our text takes a sudden gybe; and the apostle says, "Whither our forerunner has, for us, entered, even Jesus." This forerunner, or pilot, represents our Savior as the great Mediator between God and man. The pilot is a character who, in many respects, is entirely distinct from all the crew. He belongs not to the ship's company; but generally resides in the port to which the vessel is bound. When he looks out on the stormy coast, and spies an approaching sail making for the harbor, he lays aside his long-togs, throws on his tarpaulin-jacket, steps into his boat, and fearlessly puts out into the gathering storm, boards the vessel, and conducts her safely in. So our Savior, the infallible pilot of Christians, is not a citizen of this world. If he were of this world, the world would love its own; but because he was not of this world, therefore the world hated him. He is of the kingdom of glory, the celestial city to which all saints are bound. He was robed with immortality and eternal light before the world began. But when he looked down on this tempestuous world, and saw, in prospection, millions

of immortal souls driving in lawless confusion to destruction, and ready to founder in the gulf of eternal perdition, his bosom moved with divine compassion. He laid aside his vestments of glory, put on, as it were, the jacket and trowsers of humanity, the form of a servant, and, under the wide-spread sails of mercy, he put out to our relief. Yes, shipmates; he has boarded your trembling barks; "Christ in you the hope of glory." He has raised your hope, your anchor, to the skies, and firmly grounded it in his eternal divinity. And, although you are not yet in heaven, you are waiting for a favorable swell, when you will enter, shouting, in. We now feel our confidence strong, and can say, "Let devils rage, and whales spout, and hell roar; blessed be God! our anchor is within the vail, firmly locked in the eternal anchor of heaven and earth." And we are persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. "But," says one, "I would to heaven the tide would rise and waft me in; for, while lingering on the shores of time, I am afraid of being driven out to sea again." You need not fear. The anchor to which you are moored is good—Jesus Christ, the true God, and eternal life. The cable is, also, good. Indeed, the Christian's cable is a most extraordinary one. The more we use literal cables, the weaker they become. They are subject to decay, liable to be chafed, and are at last laid by as not sea-worthy.

It is not so with our spiritual cable. It has three strands—faith, love, and prayer. These are divine and imperishable materials, if we might so speak. The more we *use* this precious cord, the stronger it becomes. It is like a timber-hitch—the harder you draw, the tighter it jams. You may overhaul it closely, strand by strand. What is stronger than *faith?* It is stronger than fleets and armies; for it has "*subdued kingdoms.*" No shark of hell can rend its sacred texture. It has "*stopped the mouths of lions.*" War can not destroy it. It has "*escaped the edge of the sword.*" It is water-proof and fire-proof. It has "*quenched the violence of the flame.*" Sometimes, by constant use, wear and tear, on ship-board, we make strong cables weak; but it is different with faith; for "*out of weakness it is made strong.*" The more we exercise it, the stronger is our hold on heaven.

But the strand of *love.* It is a sufficient recommendation, when it is said, "*that it is sweeter than life, and stronger than death.*" Death conquers all but *love,* the bond of perfectness.

In regard to *prayer,* every Christian knows that it never wears out. The more we pray, the more we love to pray. The more we use that gift, the brighter it shines. Then, while we keep faith, love, and prayer in lively exercise, we can not lose our hold; we can not drag. "Well," says one, "what do you mean? Will you run us into the harbor of unconditional perseverance?" God forbid that we should direct you to such dangerous anchorage!

Although a ship may be moored too strong for the storm to drive her, yet the captain might slip her cable. And should he begin to slacken, and pay out, and the ship begin to gather stern-way, the cable will go faster and faster, till it will fly round like lightning, set the windlass on fire, run out to the better end, and the vessel may be driven out to sea again, wrecked, and lost. It may be said that no seaman would do this. We were, however, with a captain who did this, in a heavy gale; and it was of the mercy of God that he reached his mooring again. But, if none were so foolish as to do this, it only confirms the declaration of our Lord, who says, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" for Christians have too often slipped their cables, relaxed their *faith*, grown cold in *love*, and restrained *prayer*. Then they begin to gather stern-way; backslide faster and faster, till they are driven back into the world again, and they will have hard work to regain their anchorage. St. Paul tells us of two gallant men-of-war, Hymeneus and Alexander, who made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. That Christians may backslide, is admitted by all; and, without disputing whether all may beat back again, all will admit that it is wrong to let go our hold in the slightest degree. Therefore, let us watch and pray, and hold fast our confidence, trusting in the Lord. Let us hoist, for our motto, "*Don't give up the ship*," and nothing will be able to harm us while we are followers of that which is good.

10. Who has this anchor—this Christian hope? May the Lord forbid that any of us should be like the foolish Dutchman, who was boasting, while at sea, that he had a superior anchor and cable; but when he was about to be driven on a lee-shore, he recollected that he had left them at home! Perhaps if we were to ask the most wicked man on earth, if he has this hope, he would say, "Yes, I hope to get to heaven." And he would wonder at the simplicity of the question. But there are many who do not understand the import of the word. Hope is made up of *desire* and *expectation*. Where either desire or expectation is wanting, there is no hope. Where a man expects a thing to take place, but does not desire it, he can not say, consistently, that he hopes for it. A person at sea, during the raging of a tempest, may *expect* to be lost; but he does not *desire* it. No one then would believe him if he should say, "I *hope* to be cast away." Again: an invalid may earnestly *desire* to be in a warmer climate; but if in a vessel bound for Greenland, he can not *expect* to reach such a climate; therefore, he has no hope in this matter. But if he desires a warmer country, and is sailing for it, at the rate of ten knots an hour, then he may hope.

Now, the sinner says he *desires* to go to heaven. Well, admitting that he does, has he any *expectation* of heaven, living in sin? We know nothing about heaven, but what is taught us in the word of God; and that word says, that "the wicked shall be turned into hell;" that "they shall go away into everlasting

punishment." On what, then, can he found an *expectation?* But we deny that the wicked man has even a genuine *desire.* He desires to go to heaven when he dies, because he does not wish to go to hell—to a place of positive torment. Of two evils, he feels disposed to choose the least. He desires to live in the full enjoyment of sin in this world, and when he can enjoy the world no longer, and *must die,* he is willing to skulk into heaven, that he may escape the just punishment of sin. But let him have his choice of three things—heaven, hell, earth—and he will choose earth. Yes, he would rather have this life, with all its ills, if he could only live here forever. If he desired heaven, for its own sake, on account of its celestial exercises and enjoyments, he would be for tasting them now—

"The holy to the holiest leads"—

he would be for tasting the sweets of redeeming grace, and would "break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning to the Lord," now. It is certain, then, that the wicked have neither an expectation nor desire of heaven; "without God, and without *hope* in the world." O, you, who are living without hope, how can you continue thus? How can you think of dying without hope? How can you continue to defy that God whose untempered arm could strike you deeper into hell, in one moment, than a ship could sink in an age? Awake, awake! Strike your rebellious flag, and sin against the Lord no more.

But does the Christian possess this anchor—this

hope? Ask him, "Have you a desire to get to heaven?" "Yes, blessed be God! if there is one desire that rises superior to every other, in my soul, it is to reach the land of rest, the saint's delight, the heaven prepared for all the faithful. I love the assembly of God's saints here on earth, and the holy exercises of his house; but this is nothing to what I anticipate, in that happy meeting, when all the weather-beaten fleet of God's elect shall come booming in from the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and drop anchor in heaven's broad bay, to be weighed no more, forever and ever. It is for this I sigh, and weep, and pray." "Well, but have you an expectation?" "Yes: Jesus says, 'Where I am, there shall my servants be.' I know that I am his servant: I serve him in my closet, and in the congregation, in word and in deed. Again: he hath sent forth the Spirit of adoption in my heart, by which I cry, '*Abba, Father.*' Seeing, then, that I am his child—and if his child, his heir, an heir of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ—my *expectation* is strong; yea, even to a full assurance."

Here, then, we see that an evangelical *desire* and well-grounded and Scriptural *expectation*, constitute the STOCK and FLUKE of our anchor. And the Christian can say, "*This hope I have.*"

Happy, happy souls! I love to see you pressing on, through life's stormy seas, carrying your sail according to the gale. And when, on the swelling wave of life's last affliction, you near the sacred shore, and it may be necessary to stand on and off,

and back and fill, for a season, may the Lord endue you with smiling patience, till Christ our adorable pilot will come on board! The tide will rise; the ministering angels will man the windlass well; and here you will go, hand over hand, square after square, pawl after pawl, and the redeemed soul will enter through the dock-gate into the city, and so be forever with the Lord. Then the happy spirit may sing,

"Now safely moored, no storm I fear;
My God, my Christ, my heaven is here;
And all the joys of Paradise,
In holiness and beauty rise.
O, then my soul, with folded wing,
In thrilling notes of joy shall sing,
Glory to God."

O, the blissful hope of eternal life! and, connected with this, the resurrection of the body, and the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ! Yes, many of our friends are gone; but "they are not dead—blest thought!—they are only gone before." True, they have retired, as it were, into the "*watch below,*" but, glory to God! the cold and dark night of death will soon roll over; and the almighty Captain of our salvation will give the order to "*pipe all hands.*" And O, methinks I hear it, rattling down from heaven, scraping over all the nerves and fibers of creation, and thundering down to hell, "All hands, ahoy! Do you hear the news there? Lash and carry! lash and carry! Bundle up! bundle up!" And, now, I see the tombstones flying; the graves throw their moldy bottoms to the light; old ocean groans through all

her deepest caverns, and rolls her millions to the shore. Alleluiah! see the sacramental host man the rattlings—making for the maintop—climbing the ladder that Jacob saw! Yes, flying home, like doves to their windows, and leaving a burning world behind! O, blessed HOPE!

"Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away."

The Christian sailor fears no ill,
Though calms befall, or storms assail;
His deathless hope is grounded still
In Christ—the Anchor in the vail.

When seas are smooth, and skies serene,
And prosperous breezes fill his sail,
He trusts not the deceitful scene;
But casts his hope within the vail.

And when disastrous clouds arise,
And earthly prospects sink, or fail,
He plants his treasure in the skies,
And hugs the Anchor of the vail.

And when the gulf-stream heaves in view,
And strikes the guilty sinner pale,
He boldly shoots the current through,
To reach his moorings in the vail.

When nature heaves her final blast,
The pilgrim's courage will not fail;
He'll hold the sov'reign promise fast,
Of Christ—the Anchor in the vail.

For well the Christian sailor knows
That hell can never spring a gale,
Which could, with his united foes,
Remove the Anchor of the vail.

SERMON III.

ALL HANDS, AHOY!

THE wicked labor much
  Beneath corruption's weight;
Yet still, at every port they touch,
  They swell their guilty freight.

By winds and waves pursued,
  They groan beneath their woes;
And yet, in every latitude,
  The crim'nal cargo grows.

As thus their sins enlarge,
  Conviction swells the load,
Until they gladly would discharge
  Their lading overboard.

But, though they have the will,
  And labor to be blest,
They lack the gracious power still
  To grasp the promised rest.

But Jesus sees their grief,
  And smiles, and bids them come;
The Gospel sails to their relief,
  And tows the exiles home.

He pities their complaints,
  And takes them home to rest;
And makes his weather-beaten saints
  With him forever blest.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," MATT. XI, 28.

ALTHOUGH figures are well calculated to illustrate the mysterious truths of Christianity, yet there is a possibility of the mind being so taken up and

absorbed by the figure as to lose the moral, or truth, that is represented.

A minister was once addressing a large congregation, in one of the principal towns of Ohio, and was representing the case of a sinner who is well-nigh gone, by a ship bearing down on a lee-shore, with all sails set. Just as he was running her on the very point of destruction, a sailor sprung out in the aisle, and rushed forward in much confusion; then suddenly shrunk back to his seat, apparently much abashed. A gentleman, meeting him in the street shortly after, inquired into the cause of his excitement at the late meeting. "Why, sir," said he, "the minister had me out to sea again before I knew it, and raised a thundering storm. Here she was, all ready to strike on the rocks. Every fellow on board stood, gazing, with his flippers in his pockets. What could I do but rush forward, to let go the fore-sheet? But never the fore-sheet could I find; for I was still in the meeting-house." This reminded me of the dog in the fable, who, in swimming over a clear stream, with a bone in his mouth, saw the reflection of it in the water, and, making an unfortunate snatch at the shadow, lost his dinner. It is generally thought that our Savior, in this text, had an eye to a yoke of oxen, drawing an extraordinary load. It is highly probable that he had. But the figure appears to us of an amphibious character, and reminds us of the angel, which was seen by John, with one foot on the land, and one on the sea. The phrase is as current on the sea as on the land. A ship is said to

labor when rolling and pitching in a heavy and tempestuous sea. Under some circumstances, this is dangerous, and always disagreeable, occasioning much wear and tear of the sails and rigging. But the case is a great deal worse, when, in addition to this hard "labor," the ship is "heavy laden." This was the case with the vessel in which Paul sailed for Rome, and which was finally cast away. They were under the necessity of throwing much of their cargo overboard. To labor and to be heavy laden is indicative of distress; but,

I. Who are they to whom the text is addressed?

1. The Jews. Their religion was full of laborious and costly rites and ceremonies. When our Lord saw some dragging their unwilling victims to the slaughter; others bearing heavy piles of fuel to the altar; when he looked upon the toiling, groaning, sweating multitude, his bosom, doubtless, swelled with compassion, and he exclaimed, in the language of the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As much as though he had said, "Although it has been necessary, in the Divine wisdom, for you to have observed all these ceremonies in time past, yet the true light is now about to shine. The eternal Word, the Son of God, has come, to introduce a more spiritual dispensation—a dispensation which will not oblige you to travel up to Jerusalem to seek the Lord, but will enable you to worship God, in spirit and in truth, wherever the footsteps of divine Power are impressed on the works of creation.

2. Although the Jewish religion is not now binding on mankind, yet, in consequence of our erroneous views concerning God, ourselves, and things in general, we often become heavy laden.

All men have an abiding thirst for happiness, composure of mind, or what our Lord very aptly calls "*rest;*" and the only reason why they do not all obtain it is, because they are seeking for it through wrong channels, and ways, and means, which God has never sanctioned.

Look at that man who is seeking for happiness in riches! He is adding ship to ship, till it becomes a matter of little concern to him which way the wind blows; for he has vessels sailing to every point in the compass. Ask him why he is thus "spreading his arms, like seas, to grasp in all the shore." If he is honest, he will tell you, that when he acquires a certain amount of wealth, he expects to find happiness—rest of mind. But does the history of mankind afford an instance where one has been made happy by the accumulation of property? No. As the riches of the rich man increase, the trials and vexations of this life multiply; and there have been instances of misers perishing on their heaps of wealth, and dying with starvation. And while the poor-allowanced mariner is looking up, with envy, to the merchant in whose employ he sails, if he could only see his case as God sees it—if he could only roll one tedious night upon his thorny pillow—he would hug his moldering biscuit to his bosom, bless God for his sweet hammock, "fall in love with

poverty, and smile at ruin." He "labors," and is "heavy laden."

3. Next, view the man who is all athirst for honor and fame. Ask him whither he is pressing on in his ambitious and murderous course. He will say that he expects, in some future period, when he shall have weathered the fame of every admiral who has embellished the pages of naval heroism; when he shall be driving his triumphant flag through a shattered fleet, or returning home with captured squadrons in his wake, amid the shouts and plaudits of admiring crowds, he will drink an unmixed cup of happiness—he will find rest for his soul. But has happiness ever been obtained by the sword? Not while the immortal conscience has a nerve that almighty Power can touch. He "labors," and is "heavy laden."

4. Again: see the man who is seeking rest in sinful pleasures, and the indulgence of unholy passions! While in port, he spends his time in reveling, in drunkenness, in chambering, and wantonness. He will say that, when he has indulged himself to a certain extent, he will then be happy. But is it so? See him at midnight, after his frolic is over, staggering on board, two sheets in the wind, and the third shivering! He is angry with himself and every body else. As he tumbles into his berth, what means that heavy groan, that wretched sigh? Do they not plainly declare that the man "labors," and is "heavy laden?"

5. Those who have never heard the Gospel, and

are enslaved to gross idolatry, are heavy laden. We do not here intend to inquire into what will be their eternal state; but when we look at their bloody rites, laborious and obscene ceremonies, we must say that, as far as even this life is concerned, they are grievously burdened.

6. And, last of all, when man is laid under divine convictions, by the Spirit of God, he is heavy laden. We are born under the intolerable weight of human depravity; and, in consequence thereof, are continually adding actual sin, personal transgression, through all the voyage of life. As the enterprising whaler adds to her store of oil and swells her cargo in every latitude, so the sinner is continually storing away wrath against the day of wrath. When the gale of conviction overtakes him, and the storm is up, awakened to a sense of his awful situation, he begins to feel, most sensibly, the enormous weight of unpardoned sin. See him groaning, reeling, staggering under a heavy press of sin; swept on by the strong current of nature's stream; hell roaring to leeward; the devil struggling with his guardian angel for the helm; the law of God to windward, bearing down under a heavy cloud of sail, not mounted with common metal, but with ten eternal-pounders, which belch out, at every flash, "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them!" He labors in a sea of sorrow, amid foaming billows of Divine wrath. But see! the everlasting Gospel heaves in sight; the hawser of salvation is coming; the silver

trumpet of the Lord is heard, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

II. What is it which so universally disqualifies men for the rest which our Savior proffers? It is sin, and sin only, that makes men miserable here. The all-wise God never intended that men should be happy in their sins. All the *wisdom* in the world can not make them so. We might adduce Solomon as an example. He was wiser than all men in his day. He gave full latitude to his passions, and scudded far away from God. He spread all his sails, and took a wondrous cruise, and "sounded every depth and shoal of sin." But at every sounding, at every heave of the lead, he cried out, "*Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, and vexation of spirit!*" And, after all his traverse-sailing, and boxing of the compass, he arrived only at this: "To fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man."

Honor can not make us happy. Look at Haman! This man arrived at the highest pinnacle of honor he could obtain, without dethroning his king; but still he was unhappy. And what was the matter? He could not have *rest*, because poor Mordecai sat in the king's gate, and would not douse his tarpaulin as he passed by.

Riches can not give us *rest*. See the rich fool! He rolled in pleasure and grandeur; but was still uneasy. His mind was tortured in inventing new amusements. "What shall I do?" said he; "I will

pull down my barns, and build greater, and will say to my soul, Eat, drink, and be merry." But just as he began to anticipate some happiness in this way, the awful voice of God arrests him, saying, "Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall these things be?" There is no rest to the wicked, saith my God. Their minds are like the tempest-tossed lake, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

III. The *rest* which our Lord proposes, exists, in its lowest sense, in justification—the remission, or forgiveness of all our past sins. This is a full deliverance from the guilt and condemnation of sin, through the blood and merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sinner has nothing to recommend him to God, and nothing to plead but his own destitution and helplessness, on one hand, and the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, on the other. But while thus pleading, in all the agony of faith and prayer, the Lord hears in heaven, and answers on earth: and peace, love, and joy flow into the troubled soul, and give the mourner *rest*—a rest from all the anguish and labor connected with guilt and condemnation. The man feels that this is an astonishing boon of heaven. His soul within him is like the chariot of Aminadab. He feels like taking up the song of Israel, "The Lord God has triumphed most gloriously. The horse and his rider are thrown into the sea." But occasional uprisings of the carnal mind, and the stirrings of remaining roots of bitterness, often interrupt "the feast of love and flow of soul,"

and admonish us that there is still a more excellent *rest* remaining for the children of God, even in this life. This is found in the entire sanctification of the whole man. The poet calls it

> "The rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
> And God is loved alone;
> A rest where all our heart's desire
> Is fixed on things above;
> Where sin, and guilt, and fear expire,
> Cast out by perfect love."

Full sanctification gives us rest from all the ills and troubles of moral pollution, but does not deliver us from all the natural evils which sin has introduced into the world. Holiness does not rebuke the ragings of a fever, or mitigate the ravages of a storm. The sanctified Christian may have outward afflictions, arising from the conduct of disobedient children or profligate neighbors; but in the midst of outward storms, he has sweet peace in his own soul. Perfect rest, then, is not a growth of nature's garden; but, thank God! there is *rest* in heaven; and this, too, is embraced in the promise of the text, "*I will give you rest.*" Yes, *there* will be no deceitful world, no conflicting flesh, no tempting devil. *There* the wicked will cease to trouble. *There* the weary will be at rest. *There* the pious captain will meet his godly crew. No more storms, no more shipwrecks, no more pirates! for, glory be to God! the Bible says, "There shall be no more sea."

> "There all the ship's company meet,
> Who sailed with the Savior beneath;
> And, shouting, each other they greet,
> And triumph o'er sin, hell, and death.

> The voyage of life's at an end,
> The mortal affliction is past:
> The rest that in heaven they spend,
> Forever and ever shall last."

But it is in the *rest* of *sanctification* that Christians realize that his yoke is easy and his burden light. But it may be asked what makes his yoke easy and his burden light? Some, we fear, misunderstand this; especially those who contend that the easiness of the yoke and the lightness of the burden consist in the abrogation of the law. They say, that, as Christ has observed the whole law, and made it honorable, his obedience will be imputed to his people, in the great day of the Lord. And if Christ has released his people from obligation to the law, is not his yoke easy and his burden light? Yes, indeed, if this is so, both the yoke and burden are lighter than a moon-beam; for, in that case, there is no yoke—no burden at all. But it is not a fact, that our Lord observed all the moral obligations of men. There are several relations, connected with humanity, in which Christ never stood. He never sustained the relation of a father, a husband, a magistrate; and, consequently, never performed the duties of such relations. And many have sinned, in these offices, enough to sink their souls to everlasting ruin. The garment, then, of our Savior's obedience, is too scant for the sinner to wrap himself in. But again: the moral law is the judgment of the eternal God, concerning right and wrong, as far as man is concerned; and, as God is immutable—the same to-day, yesterday, and forever—it must be his judgment to

all eternity; therefore, it can not be abolished. The righteousness of Christ is his death, or atonement; and when the penitent and believing sinner presents this as his only trust—only plea, the Lord accepts his offering, pardons his sins, and *regenerates* his soul. This brings the man into a pleasing conformity with the law of God. The enmity of the carnal mind is thus destroyed. The soul being fully sanctified and renewed in the image of God, sweetly realizes that the service of the Lord is perfect freedom—his yoke is easy and his burden light.

IV. But how shall the sinner come to Christ? We give the old and unchangeable answer: by faith. There are many who ridicule the doctrine of salvation through faith, and say that it is more reasonable to preach salvation by works. And yet we are persuaded, that if a minister should preach salvation without faith, he would be still more ridiculous. If he should tell his hearers, that it is their duty to pray to God, the infidel might say, "But I do not believe there is a God." The preacher would have to answer, "Never mind that, you must pray to him. We do not require you to believe at all." But the infidel answers, "There are two things that must necessarily precede my prayer. First, I must believe that God *is;* then I must believe that '*he* is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.'" This would bring us back on the old Bible ground. Who does not see that *faith* is necessarily the spring of all action? A common faith is necessary to all effort in our temporal and worldly concerns. Why does

the merchant lay out his money, and go to so much labor and pains to collect his produce, and to freight his ship, and send her to distant lands? Would he do so, unless he first believed that, by so doing, he would realize a handsome profit? The sailor, in his employment, is moved by the same impetus. He would not ship on board, with the certain prospect of enduring much hardship, and running great risk, unless he believed that he would be richly paid for all his trouble. Take away this confidence, which always precedes human acts, and the whole world is paralyzed. Then, if a common faith is necessary to the performance of all our ordinary duties, why should it be thought incredible that an extraordinary faith is necessary in order to obtain the extraordinary blessing of eternal salvation?

While it is our duty to persuade some to believe, it is equally our work to convince other very complacent souls that they do not believe. There are some who have been raised under religious influences, who fancy that they are true believers in Christ, although they are living in the constant commission of sin. They repeat over the creed, and say, "We believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son," etc.; but in their daily walk and conversation they deny the Savior. But do you see that ship that is lost on the high seas yonder? The captain is without a compass, chart, or any instrument of navigation—he is indisputably lost. A ship heaves in sight, and her commander hails him, and warns him

of his danger. He tells him he is standing on a dangerous reef, and that, if he does not alter his course, in two hours more he will be irrecoverably lost. The bewildered captain smiles, and thanks him for his information, and says he puts the most unbounded faith in his word—"*All this I steadfastly believe.*" But how does he *act?* Does he call all hands, and put the ship about? Does he even shorten sail, to prolong his time? No; but he crowds canvas; outs with his royals, sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, star-dashers, and heaven-disturbers; and away he goes, with a whistling breeze and a roaring wake, and never begins to look serious till the dreadful breakers arrest her in her wild career, and

"In loose fragments, fling her floating round."

Now, can we think that this man believed in the warning that was given? In like manner, there are many souls lost on the sea of human life. The Lord passes by, and, through his Holy Spirit, and by his word and ministers, he warns them of their danger. He thunders in their ears, that there are breakers—awful breakers, ahead; that they are running fast on the iron-bound coast of damnation. With all the earnestness of a crucified Savior, he exhorts them to heave in stays, to put about and beat off, and save their shattered barks, richly laden with immortal and deathless spirits. But what is their conduct? They look up to heaven, with a provoking smile. They say that they believe the Gospel; they believe in Christ, in death, hell, and judgment; and yet they crowd all sail, and away they drive, as though

greedy of eternal ruin, and never begin to look serious till the loud breakers of hell and the awful surges of damnation awaken them to a sense of their eternal loss. O, ye immortal spirits! whither are ye bound? Luff, men, luff! Luff up, and weather hell! Your lee-sheets are all on fire! Hard-a-lee, there! hard-a-lee! Come about! come about! And it may be that, by hard beating, by many a long leg and short one, you may, at last, escape the wide-spread ruin, and your poor, shattered barks reach the port above. Do I hear some trembling sinner say, "I have not room to wear, and I am afraid my wretched soul will miss stays?" Then, by the grace of God, club-haul her; for it would be better to enter into life without an anchor, and without a cable, than for ship and cargo, hull and rigging, soul and body, to plunge into a gulf of liquid fire, where the wrath of God will thunder down in one eternal storm. Yes; make an unpremeditated surrender, an unconditional consecration, to God of all that you have and are.

V. The invitation is to all.

1. To *all*, as it respects *quantity*. "He was a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." "He gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. Let him that heareth say, Come. Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him come and partake of the water of life freely."

2. *All*, as it regards *quality*. There are none so

base, none so vile, but that they may come, in the exercise of living faith, to Christ, and live. The Lord says, "Come, let us reason together, and, though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as wool." We often meet with striking instances of such great salvation.

Many years since, there was a certain character who had, from his boyhood, been associated with the Barratarian robbers—a nest of pirates who, at that time, infested the mouths of the Mississippi river. After the band was dispersed, he opened a tippling shop in one of our large southern towns, where, in a quarrel with one of his companions, he presented a pistol, and blew out his brains. He was immediately hurried before a court, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Several of the religious citizens attended daily at his prison, to instruct him, and to pray for him. They found him deplorably ignorant in religious matters. He declared that, in his youth, he had been cut off from all advantages; and that, although he had often heard the name of Christ mingled with the profanity of his shipmates, yet he had never before had any correct idea of his character, life, death, or his mission in this world. At first he treated the services of his religious visitors with contempt. They, however, persevered in their attentions, till he began to pay some little regard to their admonitions. On the morning of the day of execution, they attended the prison for the last time. The jailer advised them not to see the prisoner again. He said that, on the

preceding night, he had broke loose in the most horrid blasphemy, shouting and praising God till the prisoners in the remotest dungeons were awakened by his mockery. The friends, however, insisted on seeing him. When they opened the door of his cell, the prisoner stood before them, bathed in tears, and all the meekness of Christianity seemed stamped upon his face. He began to tell what great things God had done for him. He observed that, after they had left him on the preceding evening, all at once an awful power of darkness seemed to rest upon him. He could find no ease, either while sitting or walking. But he continued to run round his little dungeon, and tried to pray; but it seemed as if the heavens were brass. At last he fell down in a corner of his room; his mouth was opened, and he mightily called on the Lord to have mercy upon him; and "there," said he, "it seemed as if the whole world was rolled from my breast, and I was filled with great peace and joy, so that I have praised God all night, and to-day I feel prepared for the last conflict."

I was once acquainted with a sailor, by the name of John. He followed the seas from his childhood, and served a long time on board a British man-of-war. They had, in that day, no chaplain and no Bibles on board; consequently, John was very ignorant and very wicked. He had often been exposed to the lash; but, on account of his ability as a seaman, he was promoted to captain of the foretop. It was after his conversion that I heard him say, in

a love-feast, with tears in his eyes, that, while so desperately wicked, the ship in which he was had a hot engagement with a French frigate. When orders were given for them to board, he was among the first who stood on the enemy's deck. One of her crew fell on his knees before him, and begged him, for Christ's sake, to show him quarters; "but," said he, "alas! alas! poor John knew nothing about Christ; and while he was in the act of craving my mercy, I drove a boarding-pike into his breast." It may be asked, "How did such a wicked wretch obtain rest?" We answer, by coming to Christ. He subsequently deserted his Majesty's service, and landed in America. Apprehensive that he would be retaken, he made his way to Ohio. There he first heard of a camp meeting; and, moved by curiosity, he found his way to the ground. After wandering around the outposts for some time, viewing things which were truly strange to him, his attention was drawn by the exercises going on at the altar. He drew nigh, and, for some time, leaned against a sapling, listening to the services; and, while a pious girl was pouring out her prayers for the mourners, a blast of Divine conviction struck poor John, and, before he had time or thought to weather his helm and scud, as too many do, he was down on his beam ends, crying for mercy. Yes; and he never ceased, till the Lord had mercy upon him. Here was a poor sinner, who had fought through many a battle, who had never shed a tear of penitence or sympathy before, made to weep over the sins of his

misspent life. "Sometimes, when lashed to the grating," said he, "I wept with anger, and because I could not be revenged on my cruel officers; but never before had I wept over my sins." He is now, I trust, a tender-hearted Christian, and will finish his course, mourning over his errors past. Let none say that the Gospel holds out encouragement for us to continue in sin, that grace may abound. For the day of eternity only can show how much religious peace in this life, and how much glory in the life to come, will be lost by delaying the day of our return to God. It is one thing to be merely saved, and another thing to be saved with God's uttermost salvation. We should look upon religion, not as something that is designed to save us from hell only, but as something that will make and keep us indescribably happy in this world. In the light of the Scriptures, we can not believe that those who have distinguished themselves by sin, and have become converted, will have as bright a crown as those who have turned to God in early life, and have served him through the most of their days; but it is a boundless mercy that they can be saved at all. Their souls have escaped, as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and they have escaped. And we rejoice in the glorious truth, that our Gospel can save *all* who come to Christ; and that it is the blessed privilege of all the ministers of Jesus to exclaim, through the silver trumpet of the Gospel, "All hands, ahoy! Do you hear the news there?—the glorious news that Jesus Christ came

into the world to save sinners—the chief of sinners—*all* sinners?" When we call all hands, at sea, what do we mean? Why, we mean *all;* officers and men; the starboard watch and larboard watch; cook and cabin-boy; every mother's son, who can crack a biscuit; all have to bundle up. And when the Lord calls on all men to come, he does not mean a part, but he means all—the king as well as the beggar.

> "Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
> The invitation is to all.
> Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
> All things in Christ are ready now."

But, alas! what strange infatuation possesses the minds of many! Although the history of the world does not furnish a single instance of a man who has found rest in the pursuit of riches, honor, or pleasure, yet thousands are seeking happiness in these things, each expecting that he will be the fortunate man who shall be more successful than all his predecessors, from Adam down. O, cruel delusion of the devil! But it may be asked, "Have any found *rest* in Christ?" Yes, blessed be God! they have found "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy." Hundreds of sanctified Christians are living witnesses that they have found rest from the guilt, the power, and the dominion of sin; and millions of happy souls have already entered into that glorious rest which remaineth for the children of God.

> "Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
> Give the mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,

That rock of souls immortal. Cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye the great Pole-Star; make the land of *rest*."

O, come to Christ, and he will give you happiness, heaven, REST!

Sometimes, by tempests driven;
Sometimes by calms oppressed,
We groan to reach that haven,
Where weary pilgrims rest;

Where Christ our souls will lighten
Of all our freight of woe;
Where seas will cease to frighten;
Where storms no more will blow.

A broad, celestial river
Our glorious God will be,
Whose streams will wind forever
Through blest eternity.

No gallant ship can hower
Upon its sacred shores;
And galleys have no power
To spread their martial oars.

The Lord himself would slacken
Their lanyards at a blast,
And loosen all their tackling
About their quaking masts.

Their courses he would shiver;
Their yards and booms would fail;
And, on that peaceful river,
If man-of-war should sail,

Jehovah, he would rake her
Of rigging, tack, and sheet;
For Zion's mighty Maker
Defends his royal fleet.

He is our great Lawgiver,
Our Captain, Priest, and King;
To him we will forever
Eternal praises sing.

Our souls he'll fill with laughter;
Our hulls he will transform;
And we'll shout forever after,
Above the final storm.

SERMON IV.

A VOYAGE TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER AND BACK.

DEEP in the watery world,
A poor imprisoned saint,
Beneath the earth's foundations hurled,
Poured out his sad complaint.

"Thou, Lord, hast cast my soul
Beneath the briny wave;
And all thy heavy billows roll,
High o'er my living grave.

Earth's pond'rous pillars spread
Their flinty bars around;
And sea-weeds rumble o'er my head,
Where plummets never sound.

Yet, here, O, Lord! I will
Beneath the mountains lay,
And think upon thy temple still,
And at thy altar pray."

The Lord puts forth his hand,
And shakes the foaming main;
He drags the monster to the strand,
And Jonah breathes again.

Just so did Christ explore
The secret halls of hell,
And drafted the tremendous shore
Of Death's remotest cell.

He measured every wave;
He fathomed every part;
And, rising conqueror o'er the grave,
He gave his Church the chart.

And we are sinking fast,
Where Jesus sunk before;
But Gabriel's resurrection blast,
Will roll us all to shore.

"So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not," JONAH I, 6.

THE case of Jonah is a very singular one—such an event that will never transpire again, while the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves. We observe this, because seamen have sometimes, influenced by a strange superstition, been led to act in a manner quite contrary to the general character which they bear, in regard to generosity and hospitality. Some are unwilling to sail in a vessel which is carrying a minister of the Gospel, or a missionary of the cross. And all the storms and disasters befalling them, are often attributed to the circumstance of having such characters on board. The following circumstance, recorded in the Life of Dr. Coke, a Methodist bishop and missionary, will present a sample of this superstition:

"It was during the utmost violence of a tempest, while accomplishing the perilous voyage, that Dr. Coke and his associates addressed themselves to God, in prayer, for the preservation of the ship, and the lives of all who were on board. The captain, instead of approving their piety, or joining in their devotions, became visibly agitated, and betrayed symptoms of an approaching storm within. First, he paraded the decks, muttering, in a species of audible whisper,

'We have a Jonah on board! we have a Jonah on board!' It was natural for him to think that a Jonah's conduct deserved a Jonah's fate. In this condition he continued, till his fears and superstitions had roused him up to such a state of frenzy, that he entered the Doctor's cabin, and, seizing his books and papers, threw them immediately into the sea. He was about to proceed farther; but on seizing the Jonah, he satiated his vengeance by shaking him several times with angry violence, and by giving loose to his passion in expressions of horrible imprecations. He committed no further personal outrage; but, on retiring, swore that if ever the Doctor made another prayer on board, he was fully resolved to throw him into the sea, as he had thrown his papers."

Mr. Newton, a celebrated English minister, was once placed in very dangerous circumstances, on account of being suspected of being a Jonah. Indeed, many have been barbarously treated, under the same accusation; and, we doubt not, others have been sacrificed.

We think it, then, of some consequence to show that a faithful minister of Christ, who, under his high commission, goes forth to preach the Gospel to the nations, bears no kind of resemblance to the unfortunate Jonah. He was not a faithful, but disobedient prophet, who had wandered from the path of duty, and was not sailing in the service of the Lord. He was not bound for the right port. The Lord had sent him to foretell the destruction of Nineveh; but he arose to flee from the presence of the Lord. We

do not suppose that this well-instructed servant of God thought that, in the proper sense, he could fly from the presence of the Almighty. But Jerusalem was the place where the Lord chose to reveal himself in a peculiar manner. There his glory shone forth; and he there commissioned his ministers. And, perhaps, Jonah supposed that if he would leave the sanctuary, and go into a distant land, the Lord, being justly offended, would transfer the commission to some more faithful prophet. Accordingly, he went down to Joppa, a seaport town of Palestine, and found a ship already to sail to Tarshish, the very place which he wished to go to. Now, if the Lord had sent him to Tarshish, he might have looked on this as a very favorable providence; but, alas! God was not now in all his thoughts. He was bent on rebellion. He took passage, paid his fare, went on board, and tumbled into his berth. Pray, what resemblance is there between this character and the pious missionary who is going on his Master's business, to preach a crucified Savior to a fallen world?

I. We will show the end and design of Jonah's sufferings. If the Lord had only designed the punishment of Jonah, and the conversion of the ship's company, the whole affair would appear inexplicable to us; seeing that the Lord possesses such a variety of means, in the economy of his providence and grace, to have effected these purposes without such a miraculous exhibition of his power. But when we reflect, that by the ordination of God, Jonah was an illustrious type of Christ, we at once acknowledge

that the event was worthy of all the glorious miracles connected with it.

1. Jonah was a type of Christ, in his *atonement*. The prophet did in no sense fly the presence of the Lord; for the Lord sent out into the sea a mighty tempest, so that the ship was overtaken, and was in danger of being cast away. Then the mariners were afraid, and began to call upon their gods. It is probable that the crew was a mixture of men of various nations, and they had a variety of idols on board. It was also customary, in those days, for every vessel to be placed under the patronage of some particular god, whose image she generally bore as a figure-head. Thus we find that St. Paul sailed from Malta in the Castor and Pollux, or, as it is expressed, "in a ship, whose sign [or figure-head] was the Castor and Pollux." An English author says, on this subject, "We, who profess to be a Christian people, follow the same heathenish custom. We have our ships called the Jupiter, the Minerva, the Leda, with a multitude of demon gods and goddesses; so that, were ancient heathens to visit our navy, they would be led to suppose that, after the lapse of two thousand years, their old religion is unaltered."

The above observation was made in regard to the British navy. We are gratified, in looking over the list of our national vessels, to find that this example has not been followed in a single instance by our government. But we can not say the same as it respects our merchantmen. The heathen mariners, however, depended principally on their private idols,

which they always carried with them on their voyages. And may not their zeal in this matter rise up in judgment with some of our officers and sailors, who can go to sea without a Bible in their chests, or the wholesome fear of God in their hearts? We find the crew, in the extreme anguish of their souls, calling on their idols, while Jonah, who was the sole cause of the tempest, was lying down in his berth, fast asleep.

The captain, having occasion to pass through the cabin, or steerage, discovers him, and addresses him in the language of the text: "What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God!" It was not unusual for ancient Pagans to admit that sometimes their own gods might fail, while help might be obtained from strange deities. And the captain, doubtless, felt that they needed the help of all the gods in the universe. It was at last determined to cast lots, to ascertain who was the cause of this disaster. "And the lot fell upon Jonah." Then the sailors inquired of him who he was, and what he was—what was his calling, his country, his religion, etc. And when he told them that he was a Hebrew, and a prophet of the true God, who made the heavens, and the earth, and the seas, and the fountains of water; and, particularly, when he informed them of his rebellious conduct, they were exceedingly alarmed, and said, "Why hast thou done this?" As much as if they had said, "You are acquainted with the true and living God, who has originated all things, and he has conde-

scended to send you on a high mission. O, how could you do this wicked thing, and profanely rebel against him?" What a cutting reproof was this, coming from such a source! They naturally supposed that, as he was so well acquainted with the cause of the tempest, he would be able, also, to point them to a remedy. "And they said unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous."

Whatever had induced the prophet, in the first instance, to disobey God, or however far he had wandered from the path of duty, we find him at last returning to a sense of ministerial feeling. When he looked around on the distressed crew, and saw inevitable destruction gathering around; when he saw that he was about to drag them, in all their idolatry and unpardoned sins, down to irrecoverable ruin, his bosom once more glowed with the compassionate flame of pastoral care, and "*he said, Take me up and cast me into the sea; so shall it be calm unto you.*" In thus benevolently offering up himself for the temporal salvation of the crew, he presented to the world a lucid shadow of the voluntary sacrifice of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. The world, spiritually considered, was in a worse situation than this heathen ship. The dark clouds of Divine vengeance were hovering over this guilty earth, ready to disgorge their magazines of wrath upon our sinful race, no eye to pity, no arm to save, when a voice of sovereign mercy thrilled through the por-

tentous gloom: "Sacrifices and burnt-offerings thou wouldst not; but a body thou hast prepared for me. Then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, O, God!" Although our Savior was not the cause of our calamities, as Jonah was the cause of the tempest, yet he offers to bear the blame and suffer in the room and stead of guilty sinners. He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. He was wounded for *our* trangressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; and with *his* stripes we are healed. He has not only made a full atonement for sin, but, in so doing, has presented to the world the brightest evidence of God's love to man. "In this has God commended his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The word of God admits that human love may constrain a man to die for his friend. There have been a few instances of such strong affection, one of which we will present on this occasion.

A Portuguese expedition, which had been fitted out for the East Indies, had doubled the cape, when a ship, which had separated from the fleet, unfortunately struck on a reef of rocks, which had not been laid down in any chart. It was a dark night, and she had on board more than twelve hundred souls. The pinnace was launched immediately, and the captain, with nineteen others, jumped in, and, with drawn swords, prevented others from following, lest they should founder. Cutting loose from the

prayers and shrieks of the despairing passengers, they put off, with very little bread and water. After enduring many afflictions, for several days, the captain, who had been long indisposed, died. In order to avoid anarchy and confusion, they elected another. As soon as he was inducted into office, he proposed that, inasmuch as they had but little provision, and the boat was very much crowded, and deeply laden, they should cast lots, and throw every fourth man overboard. This was agreed to—the crew voluntarily excusing the captain, the carpenter, and a priest; the captain, for fear of falling into disorder; the carpenter, to repair the boat, if necessary; and the priest, to administer comfort to the dying; for it seems, on this occasion, they did not count him a Jonah. This arrangement left sixteen in number, which required the sacrifice of four persons. The first three victims sunk into the deep like lead, and quietly submitted to their doom. When they were about to lay hold on the fourth, who was a Portuguese merchant of some note, a younger brother rushed forward and clasped him in his arms, and insisted on dying in his stead. The elder brother, on his part, obstinately refused, and, in a very tender and affectionate manner, reminded the youth that the finger of Heaven had pointed him out as the proper victim; and that, as it regarded himself, he was getting old, and, even if he should survive this calamity, he had not many days to enjoy in this world. "But you," said he, addressing the weeping youth, "are in the morning of life, and, if

you should reach the land, may yet see many happy days in this world." The young man argued that he stood entirely unconnected in life, while his brother had a loving wife and tender children, who would be looking out for his return. The fraternal struggle became more and more afflicting to the crew, till, in order to relieve them from their painful position, the elder brother yielded the point. The young man was thrown into the sea.

It is said, "*Scarcely* for a righteous man will one die." This implies that such cases are scarce—few and far between. And, even when they occur, there is a mighty struggle between friendship and self-interest; and so it was in this case. The youth was a very expert and practiced swimmer, and an instinctive love of life led him to follow the boat for some distance; and when he felt his vital energy giving way, he made a desperate rush, and grasped the gunwale of the boat with his hand. A sailor immediately severed it with a cutlass. The struggling victim made a desperate grasp with his other hand, which was severed in like manner. He then continued to tread the water, holding up his bleeding stumps before the crew, with silent but expressive eloquence in his eyes, till the whole company was so wrought upon that they all cried out, "He is but one man; let us save him!" What is more affecting than to see a man laying down his life for his friend! Surely it is a sight which heaven itself with pleasure surveys; for it is said in the Scriptures, that "we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

But O, look to Calvary! See the suffering Savior, bearing his cross to the crowded hill! Is he about to die for a special friend? a brother? his disciples? or is he going to suffer to save the steel from sinking into the heart of his spotless mother? Hear it, O, ye heavens! Be astonished, O, earth! He dies for his *enemies!* O, here is love unparalleled, without a bottom, or a shore! And what greater testimony can God give, to our sinking world, of his willingness to save? If he has given up his Son, the glory and admiration of all heaven, for us, even while we were enemies, will he not, with him, also freely give us all things?

2. Jonah was a type of Christ, in his *resurrection.* Well may an apostle ask, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" The resuscitating power of God is illustrated in many of the grand and glorious operations of nature. It is seen in the diurnal revolution of the earth. We may suppose ourselves now surrounded by all the brilliancy and gayety of noonday. The sun is rolling over our heads in all his meridian splendor, and we hear, on every hand, the busy hum of population. But presently the scene is gradually changed. The sun begins to decline, and he sinks lower and lower, till at last his beamy head drops beneath the western horizon. Now, if we had never experienced the revolution of a day before, what would be our most reasonable conclusions? Would we not suppose that his rapid, downward flight would continue till his glittering fires would be quenched in

the vortex of eternal chaos? But, after a few hours of extreme anxiety, light would again appear. The golden streaks of the morning would illume the east, and

> "Lo! he comes, the powerful king of day,
> Rejoicing in the east! The lessening clouds,
> The trembling azure, and the mountain's brow,
> Betoken gladness, while aloft he mounts,
> And looks in boundless majesty abroad."

What a beautiful representation of the glorious morning of the resurrection!—when the gloomy night of the grave shall have rolled over, and the archangel's trumpet shall split the bars and everlasting mountains of earth asunder, and the rising martyrs and saints shall behold the Sun of righteousness coming in the clouds of heaven, in power, and in great glory!

The same Divine power is disclosed in the annual revolution of the earth. It is now midsummer. The trees of the forest are clothed in their deepest green. The flowers of the garden spread their opening bosoms to the rays of the cheering sun, and all is life and loveliness. But presently the scene shifts. The bleak north-wester begins to whistle over the blasted heath. The trees scatter their ten thousand glories to the merciless winds. The rains descend; the snows drive, till the face of universal nature is clothed with the snow-white mantle of death. What would we think if we had never seen or heard of such a change before? Would we not conclude that the frost would strike deeper and deeper, and spread wider and wider, till

gradually-failing life itself would expire? But the scene changes again. The southern breezes begin to play; the snows melt; the ice dissolves; the trees resume their verdure; the flowers feel the resurrection shock; and all nature throws her icy fetters off: a lovely representation of the spring-time of eternity, when the awakened universe shall behold

> "Love, Truth, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
> And nature, all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
> On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

But while the Lord thus manifests his quickening power, he has *declared* in his word that he *will* raise the dead; and he has also afforded, in the divine volume, mighty illustrations of his boundless power. The case of Jonah is a striking representation of the resurrection; indeed, God intended that it should be so. Our Savior says, "As Jonah was three days in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of man be three days in the heart of the earth."

When all hope of being saved by ordinary means failed, the mariners cast Jonah into the sea. But the Lord had prepared a fish to receive him. In the New Testament, this fish is called a whale. It is generally admitted by the learned that this is not correct, if the word whale is to be understood in its modern signification. In our context, it is said, a *great fish*. Although the whale is, perhaps, the largest fish in the sea, yet it is not so well qualified to swallow a person, entire, as some other fish which are much inferior in point of bulk. There is a species of shark which have, in more modern times,

swallowed human bodies. Bodies whole, and unbroken, have been found within them. And the Mediterranean abounds with this kind of shark. But while we have no difficulty in finding fish sufficient to do this thing, we feel constrained to give it as our opinion, that the fish that swallowed Jonah was of the immediate creation of God. It was doubtless made to meet this emergency; was the only one of the kind, and, in its very organization, was designed to receive the prophet, and to supply him with air necessary to sustain life. It is said the Lord "*prepared*" a fish. The same expression is used in connection with the *gourd* and *worm*. Now, the gourd was evidently of God's immediate creation; for it sprung up to full maturity in one night. It is as easy for the Lord to speak an animal into existence, as to create a full-grown plant in one night. Indeed, we can not suppose it difficult for him to do either, after having created the world and all that is in it. What he has done, he can do again, whenever the interests of his kingdom require it.

But be this as it may, when Jonah was launched overboard, he was instantly swallowed by the fish, which, doubtless, darted down with lightning speed into the bosom of the great deep. How awful, now, was the situation of the disobedient prophet! His life was still preserved—miraculously preserved; and he was sensibly alive to all the horror of his condition. Entombed in a living monster, he realized that he was sinking down—down, till all the heavy billows of the Mediterranean rolled between him

and the light of heaven. Sometimes, we may suppose, he felt the fish was scraping along the bottoms of the mountains, the bars, and foundations of the earth; sometimes shooting into the silent caverns, or rolling on the cracking coral that carpeted the immeasurable halls of the great deep, where the mariner's lead had never sunk. Well might he say, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." And now he was brought to his knees. He had not prayed in all the raging of the tempest; but now Jonah "*prayed unto the Lord his God,*" and said, "*O, Lord, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look toward thy temple.*" The Jews were accustomed, in their captivity, or under circumstances in which they could not repair to the sanctuary, to look toward it. To pray, with their faces directed toward the temple, was according to the covenant that the Lord made with Solomon at the dedication. But poor Jonah could have no correct idea of the bearings of Jerusalem, in his present situation. He was in a bad box—no chart—no compass—no light in the binnacle. Daniel had a window that always looked toward Jerusalem; but Jonah's dead-lights were all shipped, and hatches closed. But, blessed be God! faith can work in the dark, as well as in the light—under the sea, as well as on the sea. So, with an eye of faith, in fond remembrance, he looked toward the sanctuary of the Most High. Yea, when his soul fainted within him, he remembered the Lord. He was brought to a humble confession: "*They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercies.*" He

makes a solemn promise: "*I will sacrifice to thee, with the voice of thanksgiving. I will pay that which I have vowed,* [which was nothing less than a life of ministerial obedience.] *Salvation is of the Lord.*"

And "*the Lord spake unto the fish.*" By some violent shock of nature, or some special operation of Providence, the monster was filled with such disagreeable sensations, that he instinctively rushed to the strand, and cast Jonah on the shore. The Jews, in their computation of time, always counted a part, or fraction of a day as a day. Our Savior lay in the tomb a small portion of Friday, the whole of Saturday, or the Jewish Sabbath, and a very small part of the first day of the week—the Christian Sabbath; so that it was, perhaps, a little more than thirty hours that he was under the dominion of death. This he called three days. The Jews never disputed the correctness of it; for it was perfectly in keeping with their mode of reckoning. Jonah lay in the fish for the same length of time.

As Jonah descended into the depths of the sea, so did our Lord descend into the gloomy regions of death.

> "A land of deepest shade,
> Unpierced by human thought—
> The dreary regions of the dead,
> Where all things are forgot."

He sounded the tremendous gloom. All the waves and billows of death passed over him. But never did Death admit before into his dark dominions, a guest so illustrious—so ruinous! He fathomed the unexplored deep. He drafted the dismal coast. He

chained the powers of darkness to his chariot-wheels. He drove the affrighted waves asunder. He arose! he arose! O, glorious resurrection! O, thou mighty ocean! thou hast swallowed thy countless victims. Thy untraversed bottom is paved with the bones of many a saint of God. On thy deep coral-banks still rolls the skeleton of the zealous Coke, restless in death as he was active and untiring in life. Yes, a West India conference was once taken at a swallow; and many a pious sailor rests beneath thy foaming billows! But, when God spoke, thou couldst not hold a Jonah; and when a greater than Jonah shall sound his resurrection blast, thy heavy waves shall part; the eye of Jehovah-God shall sweep thy dark and sepulchral caverns; and thy deepest cells, like Jonah's fish, shall heave their millions to the shore! Alleluiah! O, what a mighty stir in the watch below! Awake, and sing, ye illustrious sailors of Jesus Christ! for your dew shall be as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead!

Thus, it seems that the sufferings of Jonah were typical of the ATONEMENT and RESURRECTION of Christ; and, as he has been *crucified* for our sins, and has *risen* again for our justification, there is no necessity for a repetition of these events. Therefore, all the superstitious notions which seamen have founded on the narrative of Jonah, ought to be buried in eternal oblivion.

II. While we represent the prophet as a type of Christ, we might add that his obstinate disobedience aptly resembles the conduct of the impenitent sinner.

When the tempest was raging in all its fury, the men were despairing, and all was involved in uproar and confusion, Jonah, who was the cause of the storm, had skulked below, and was fast asleep in his berth: none more responsible, and yet none more unconcerned. While asleep, he was not only unconcerned, but even insensible of his real condition. The seas were roaring, the sails splitting, the spars cracking, the lightnings flashing, the thunders bursting, and the vessel reeling and pitching, as in the last throes of a hopeless shipwreck; yet he slept on, nor heeded the wild uproar of warring elements.

So the impenitent sinner slumbers on the verge of ruin. God is frowning, hell is roaring, the mustering clouds of Divine justice are ready to break upon his guilty head. Yet he sleeps on, unconscious of his danger, and ignorant of his true situation. He is blind. He is dead—dead in trespasses and in sins. He sees not the holiness of God, the purity of his law, the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of sin. He has no proper sense of the glory of heaven, the horrors of hell, or the imminent danger to which he is exposed. Again: Jonah was not only ignorant of his true state, but, while asleep, he was liable to indulge in unreal joys, and to imagine his situation to be widely different from what it was. How often does the sailor, while rocked in his hammock, or berth, dream of home! In a moment he is sitting by his own cheerful fireside, surrounded by his wife and children, and telling his voyage and his sufferings over; but all at once the pleasing

delusion is broke by the hoarse and terrific cry of "All hands, ahoy! Tumble up! tumble up!" He awakes amid flashing lightning and rattling peals of thunder; and it is a mercy of God if he does not awake many a fathom below the stormy surface, with his death-warrant rattling in his throat. So Jonah, in the dreams and visions of the night, might have imagined himself at home, roving over the flowery plains of Judea, or, in flowing robes, addressing large and enraptured congregations.

The sinner is not only ignorant of his true relation, but, alas! he too dreams. He dreams of joys and comforts as bottomless as the midway ocean. He dreams of peace, when there is no peace. He imagines that he is doing God service, when, like Saul of Tarsus, he is flying right in the face of his will. Sometimes he thinks he is on his way to heaven. Then, again, he dreams that there is no heaven, no God, no immortality, and no accountability. Again: in his slumber, the spirit of Universalism, like the Queen of the Fairies, drives athwart his cranium, and tickles his fancy; and then it is all heaven, all mercy, all glory, and no judgment, no hell, no devil; and he is filled with the most exhilarating fantasies. But, as Jonah was aroused to realize his situation, and all the horrors of the fearful tempest, so is the sinner awakened by the Spirit of God from his awful delusion.

While Jonah was asleep, he was of no use to the ship. In such a storm, the help of all on board was necessary. While the sinner is asleep in his sins, he

is of no use to the world, to the Church, or to himself. Alas, how many have been furnished by their Maker with the brightest gifts and best natural talents! but they are asleep, and slumbering away their time in the sides of the ship.

And this is their condemnation, not that they are born into the world asleep—dead in trespasses and sins, but that, when light shines into their souls, and the great Shipmaster awakens them, they will not "*call upon the Lord, that they perish not.*"

The Spirit of God touches the ear of the *deaf*, and says, "*Be opened!*" He speaks to the slumbering soul: "*Awake, thou that sleepest!*" He says to the blind, "*Go, wash in the pool of Siloam*"—the "*fountain open for sin and uncleanness.*" He thunders over the dead, "*Come forth!*" None can be so *deaf*, so *blind*, so *asleep*, so *dead*, that the quickening voice of Jehovah can not reach them. Then, let them arise and call upon God, in mighty, fervent, and ceaseless prayer, and they shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

So were Jonah's shipmates saved from immediate shipwreck; and some of them, we hope, were saved from eternal ruin. Although the Lord might not have wrought such a mighty miracle, simply to convert the ship's company—because this he could have done, in the ordinary course of his providence and grace—yet, while working with reference to other high and important objects, he did convert the whole crew from their idolatry. "*Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice to the Lord,*

and made vows." Their conduct, indeed, was worthy of imitation.

1. Finding that there was a prophet of the true God on board, they inquired of him the cause of this mighty tempest, and in what way they could obtain relief.

2. When he told them that he was the cause of their afflictions, and that nothing but the sacrifice of himself could stay the hand of God, and bring relief to them, still they were unwilling to sacrifice their passenger, and toiled hard to bring the ship to land. But when all human efforts failed, and while the storm was raging almost to a perfect hurricane, they called a general prayer meeting; and, before God, they deplored the necessity they were under, and besought the Lord to clear them of all blood-guiltiness. And

3. They solemnly launched the prophet into the deep.

Now, we are persuaded, if all these things are duly observed before another man is thrown overboard, there will never be another Jonah sacrificed.

Jonah, *also*, was saved by "*calling upon God.*" His stubborn soul would not bow above board; but the Lord brought him to pray in the fish's belly. And all who hope for eternal salvation, must "*call upon God.*"

The shipmaster was truly surprised at the indifference of Jonah, when he exclaimed, "*What meanest thou, O, sleeper?*" And well may we ask the guilty sinner, What meanest thou?

It is a matter of sorrow, that many who are awakened by God, and who see their deplorable state, still choose death, in the error of their way. Still, they cry out, "A little more sleep—a little more slumber." What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Dost thou mean that if thou disregardest the calls of God, and goest fast asleep again, that thou wilt be secure, because insensible of thy condition? No, sinner; thou mayest slumber on; and though thou canst not see, canst not hear, canst not feel, yet the storm is up, the seas are roaring, the sails flying, the masts going by the board, and the ship is sinking down—down—down; and the fiery surges of an endless hell will soon awaken thee to a painful sense of everlasting ruin. Awake! awake! What meanest thou? Canst thou go into everlasting burnings? Canst thou dwell in devouring flames? Awake, then, and call upon God, that he may have mercy upon you, and save you from eternal woe.

When storms arise, and waves beat high,
To God's beclouded throne,
The staggering sailor's fervent prayer
Above the gale is borne.

The agile vessel scales the surge;
To heaven she wings her way;
Till, reeling on the foaming verge,
She sinks amid the spray.

Down in the trough her scuppers lave;
Again she strives to rise,
And, mounted on a loftier wave,
She dances to the skies.

Her tattered sails, by whirling blasts,
  Are scattered all abroad;
At last, her taunt and heavy masts,
  Come thundering by the board.

And, now, bereft of all her spars,
  Of rudder, sail, and rope,
The Lord accepts the feeble prayers
  Of mortals, lost to hope.

So when conviction's stripping gales
  Deprive our souls of ease,
And adverse tempests rend our sails,
  On life's disastrous seas,

Our Savior walks upon the deep,
  To sinners so distrest;
He soothes the howling winds to sleep,
  And makes the billows rest.

SERMON V.

THE LEVANTER.

GREAT God, with wonder we survey
Thy works on every hand;
They loom majestic on the sea,
And glorious on the land.

When, in the black, terrific gust,
Thine anger is unfurled,
And storms on storms, redoubled, burst,
And shake our guilty world—

When, from the dark, electric cloud,
The ragged lightnings flash,
While deaf'ning peals of thunder, loud,
O'er trembling sailors crash—

How awful do thy frowns appear!
Thy ways mysterious seem;
They turn the contrite pale with fear,
And make the guilty scream!

But, as the Christian sounds thy word,
His tremors disappear;
For there a milder voice is heard,
Which checks his useless fear.

And lo! the mercy of our God,
In answer to his prayers,
Lays by the sin-avenging rod,
And guilty rebels spares.

"Saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo! God hath given thee all them that sail with thee," ACTS XXVII, 24.

SUCH is the inherent majesty of virtue, that its enemies have never openly professed to perseeute

good men because they were good. When the Jews went about to stone our Savior, he asked, "For which of my good works are you going to kill me?" As much as if he had said, "Is it because I restored that poor, blind man to sight? Is it because I raised that distressed widow's only son?" They, doubtless, blushed very deeply when they answered, "For a good work we stone thee not; but because——" Yes; *because*. They must first darken his character, by slander, before they can persecute; and it took a very black patch to do this—even "*blasphemy*." They were very good men in their own conceit, and the divinely-instituted guardians of the character of God, as most persecutors are. So, also, when they wished to destroy Paul, it was not because of his piety—because he had brought contributions to the poor of Jerusalem—it was not because he was worshiping according to the law of his fathers; but it was, as they had it, for polluting the temple. Still on the side of the Church! They first gave him a bad name, and then stirred up the multitude. The apostle, knowing that there was no mercy to be expected from the furious bigotry of his countrymen, very wisely appealed to Cæsar. He chose rather to throw himself into the hands of the uncircumcised, than to breast the malice of a hypocritical priesthood.

When it was determined that Paul should go to Rome, he was delivered into the hands of Julius, a centurion of Augustus's band. Embarking on board a ship of Adramyttium, they intended to sail by the

coasts of Asia. The winds, however, were unfavorable, and nothing remarkable happened till they arrived at Myra. Here the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, which was bound directly for Italy. He transferred his soldiers and prisoners to this ship, and again put out to sea. In consequence of light and contrary winds, they made but little headway for several days; and, being unable to make a port to windward, they made for the island of Crete, and came to in the "Fair Havens." This was probably called the Fair Havens because it was easy of access from several points, and because it was commodious and particularly convenient in fair weather, or during the summer months. However, it was both inconvenient and unsafe in boisterous seasons. As the voyage had been considerably prolonged by calms and head-winds, Paul admonished them to lay up for the winter in their present harbor, especially as the fast was already passed. He had no superstitious fears in regard to the fast. This was an annual fast, which took place about the time of the autumnal equinox. Hence, it had become proverbial that it was dangerous to sail after the fast; and it was customary for those who were then at sea to scud for the nearest port. "Paul admonished them," not as a sailor, but as a prophet. The sailing-master and pilot insisted that their present situation was not convenient to winter in. The haven they wished to reach was not far distant, being a harbor of the same island. There were no particular symptoms of bad weather—the south wind blowing

softly. The centurion, who was commander-in-chief, unfortunately preferred the opinion of the captain to the prophetic admonition of Paul; so they weighed anchor, and put out. We see this vessel leaving Crete forever, without gaining any apparent advantage by touching at it. This is the largest island in the Mediterranean, situated between thirty-five and thirty-six degrees north latitude, and between twenty-two and twenty-seven degrees east longitude. It was much resorted to by all the surrounding nations, and was a place of great commercial note. Its population was flush; and it presented a beautiful site for a Christian Church. Paul saw its advantages at a bird's-eye view, and, after his release, established a Church there, over which he appointed and ordained the youthful Titus as bishop. When the ship had put out, and was running down the island, hugging the land pretty closely, suddenly there arose a tempestuous wind, called euroclydon. In modern language it is called, along the coast of Spain, and in the Mediterranean, a "*levanter*"—a fierce and variable gale, which sometimes shifts, in a few moments, several points of the compass. When the squall first struck them they could not keep their luff without capsizing, or carrying away their sails or masts. Well does the author remember his first introduction to the levanter. He was a youth of about sixteen, standing at the helm, while the ship was making for Cadiz, which was already in sight, when the deceitful blast struck the ship. In that moment it snatched our square

main-sail out of its bolt-rope, like an old handkerchief, and all on board were thrown into consternation.

When the storm broke on the ship of Alexandria, they clapped their helm aweather, and ran down under Clauda, an island to the leeward of Crete. There, getting into smoother water, they with much difficulty hoisted in their boat. They also struck their sails, the vessel being fore and aft rigged. As she was old and crazy, they undergirded her, which was done by passing a cable several times around her hull, and heaving all taut on board, so as to brace her beams and timbers, and to prevent her springing a leak. Thus having laid her under bare poles, and secured every thing as well as they could, they lashed her helm, and so let her drive. It was impossible, in such a gale, to beat to windward, and there was no land to leeward but the coast of Africa, which was afar off; so they embraced the opportunity, which was offered, by the Isle of Clauda knocking the wind, in a good degree, out of their sails, to make all as snug as possible for a scud. The storm still increasing, the next day they lightened the vessel, by throwing overboard part of the cargo, which was near at hand. On the third day the tempest raged with excessive violence, and they threw out the "tackling of the ship." There is some difficulty in understanding what is meant by the "tackling." It is certain that the word is not to be understood in its modern sense. We find them in possession of their standing and running rigging, and

their cables and anchors, to the last. We get over the difficulty by supposing that she was an Egyptian man-of-war, and that it was her fighting tackling that was abandoned. We judge her to have been a government vessel, from the number of men on board. There were two hundred and seventy-six men in the vessel. The centurion could not have commanded more than one hundred soldiers. It would not have been prudent to have taken charge of more than fifty prisoners—the relief-guard amounting to one soldier for every prisoner. Twelve sailors were sufficient to work the vessel. That *their* number was small, is evident from the circumstance that they formed a conspiracy to put off in the boat. This calculation leaves more than a hundred men. Who could these be but the marines, or fighting men? In those days, large engines were used on board, both of an offensive and defensive character. Some were designed to throw stones to a considerable distance, with an effect little inferior to that of a cannon-ball. Others were constructed to grapple the enemy, and capsize him, when forced to close quarters. This warlike furniture was, doubtless, very cumbersome in such an unusual storm; and, as their dread of the storm rose superior to their fear of the enemies, or pirates, that infested the seas, they committed all their martial apparatus to the deep, as a frigate, in our day, would do with her guns, in an extremity. But the storm raged with increasing violence, amounting to a perfect hurricane. It added greatly to their distress, that neither

sun, moon, nor stars had been seen for many days. Before the invention of the compass, vessels which were driven off the coast had to depend, for their reckoning, on the sun by day, and the fixed stars by night. Being deprived of this help, the vessel was in the same situation that one would be in now, out at sea, in dark, stormy weather, without a compass. In one word, they were lost; "all hope of being saved was taken away."

"*But after long abstinence.*" This abstinence was not altogether a voluntary one. The people had just got through with their fast as the gale came on. They were then, for several days, hovering over eternity, wrapped in black despair—a state that naturally suppresses hunger. In addition to this, we may well suppose that all but the seamen were desperately seasick. Again: it was impossible for them to cook their food. We were once in a large merchantman, where, by stress of weather, we could not kindle a fire in the caboose for several days. Although the captain was extremely jealous of official dignity and cabin rights, yet he brought his crew into the cabin, and made them range themselves across the floor, with their feet against each other's backs. Here they passed around their fat chunks of raw pork, and ate independent of all culinary preparations. It is reasonable to suppose that Paul and his shipmates, under their peculiar circumstances, had taken no regular meal for fourteen days.

"*Paul stood up to exhort them.*" He reminded them wherein they had erred, in disregarding his

prediction, by leaving Crete. He did not do this by way of triumphing in their common distress, but in order to give weight to his present exhortation. He now encouraged them to eat, and to be of good cheer. He declared that an angel of God had appeared to him in the night, and had said, "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo! God hath given thee all that sail with thee!"

We will inquire what kind of fear is forbidden Paul, or the children of God. The Lord does not command his people to live entirely devoid of fear. The text is to be considered in connection with other Scriptures, and in harmony with the analogy of faith. In some sense, and under some circumstances, we are commanded to fear. It is said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that *fear* him." And, "There is no want to them that *fear* the Lord." Again: "The *fear* of the Lord is the beginning of *wisdom*." Then, let us inquire, what kind of fear is forbidden the Christian?

1. Slavish fear—distressing fear. We do not say that this fear is unbecoming the unconverted, the unpardoned sinner. Indeed, it is his highest wisdom. We are aware that our depraved hearts revolt against this truth. And one might say, "If I never get religion till I am moved to it by fear, I will never get it at all. No; nothing but the impulse of love shall bring me to God." But how can the sinner be moved to God by love while the carnal mind is enmity to God? Again: what is religion but love? "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth

in God, and God in him." He that *loveth* is already born of God. In the same degree that an immortal spirit is possessed of intellect, in the same degree must he fear the Lord, while he feels that God is his enemy. Hence, the fallen angels, who are greater and mightier in power than we are, fear the Lord more than it is possible for man to do, because they understand better than we do the thunder of his power. Brave men are allowed, by the common consent of mankind, to fear even a human enemy, when he appears under circumstances of overwhelming power. During the last war with England, Commodore Decatur, of the frigate President, engaged the Endymion. He fought till the scuppers were strewed with the dead, and the enemy struck. Just then the whole squadron bore down upon him, when he surrendered. Yes; he looked, for a moment, at the hopeless conflict before him, gave one broadside, and struck. Did his countrymen breathe one whisper about cowardice? No; they knew he was brave. They now saw that he was wise and humane, and altogether too noble to sacrifice the lives of his men wantonly. But what, let us ask, was the force brought against the Commodore in comparison with that almighty Power that faces every ungodly sinner? The face of the Lord is against them that do evil. Some delight to boast that they know not fear—that they fear neither God nor man! Vain and worthless boast! Fear, like other passions, is susceptible of vast expansion, as well as dense depression. But there are times and

seasons when the resistless force of circumstances will slacken its restraints, and call it forth.

A pious captain was once very much troubled with a noisy infidel as a passenger—one who thought he was a few ratlins above the superstitious fears of the swinish multitude. By and by there came on an extraordinary storm, in which even the experienced seamen despaired of being saved. The captain, having tried to serve God for many years, and to live always in reference to death, judgment, and eternity, was but little moved. Although he expected death, yet his mind was staid on God, in peace. Having occasion to step down into the cabin, he found his passenger down upon his knees, and crying lustily upon the Lord for mercy. The captain, with dignified composure, said, "What are *you* praying for, man? What have *you* to do with God?" The infidel answered, "O, captain, my principles answered me on shore; but they will not do at sea, and in such a storm as this." Yes; and many have found that they will not do on land, especially in the swellings of Jordan. While it is very proper for the wicked to be moved by fear, to seek an ark for the saving of their souls, it would be highly improper for Christians to indulge in any tormenting fear. Theirs should be a tender, filial fear, founded in the *love of God*. The difference is easily comprehended.

We knew of a most unprincipled sea-captain, whose cruelty was such, that he was under the necessity of getting others to ship his hands.

Frequently, he did not come on board till the pilot-boat came along side to take the pilot off. He had been known to sit on the hen-coop, on a certain occasion, and to amuse himself in firing his pistols at the men while they were reefing the topsails in a storm. It was reported that he had killed several men; and, indeed, he was at last obliged to fly his country. This man was *feared*, and scrupulously obeyed. His men *feared* him; but they *hated* him. Again: we have seen captains who were feared and obeyed; and feared, because they were loved. Their men had such an attachment to them, that they feared to do any thing that might hurt their feelings. So the Christian has no distressing fear, but a wholesome fear of the Lord, that is highly conducive to his enjoyment in the path of duty. Because he loves God, he has a lively fear of losing his favor by apostasy. This fear an inspired apostle inculcates. After portraying the great falling away of the Israelites in the wilderness, he says to his brethren, "Let us also *fear*, lest a promise being left us of entering in, any of us should seem to come short." In his Epistle to the Romans, speaking of the same characters, he says, "Because of *unbelief*, they were broken off, and ye stand by *faith*. Be not high-minded, but *fear*." We might add, that this wholesome fear is, under God, the greatest preventive of backsliding.

2. While the Christian should not have a slavish fear of God, neither should he have such fear of his judgments, or the instruments of his judgments,

such as storms, pestilence, etc.; for to fear the creature more than the Creator, is manifestly idolatry. We will give an example of Christian duty on this head, and pass on. An irreligious lady, who was married to a very worthy and pious captain, on a certain occasion, accompanied him to sea. In a very violent storm the ship was in immediate danger of being thrown on a lee-shore. Nothing, under God, saved her but a timely and providential shift of wind. Every one on board was thrown into the utmost consternation but the captain. He calmly and industriously attended to all his duty. And when the last lingering hope of escape expired, he patiently waited the result. After the danger was passed, his wife asked him if they had not been in great peril. He answered, that he had never been so near shipwreck in his life. "So I thought," said his lady; "but how was it that you were so tranquil, and undismayed, while all was quaking around you?" Instead of giving her a direct answer, he took down a cutlass, and flourished it over her head with a well-dissembled frown, and said, "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She answered, "Not at all." "Why are you not afraid of it?" "Because," said she, "it is in the hand of my loving husband; and I know he would not hurt a hair of my head." "Then," said the captain, "you have my answer. The storm was in the hands of my glorious and heavenly Father. I knew it might change my mode of existence; but I knew it could not harm me; for God has promised, that all things shall work together for good

to them that love the Lord; to them that are the called, according to his purpose."

3. The Christian should not have a *tormenting* fear of death. There is, indeed, an instinctive fear of death, that our Creator has implanted in all animals. It is, no doubt, designed as a preservative of life. If it were totally destroyed, the earth would soon be divested of its living inhabitants. The beasts of the field, in their frolicsome or angry moods, would leap every precipice, or plunge into every flood. Heedless man would no longer start from the falling tower. Hurricanes might sweep, but the jovial sailor would hold on to all his tacks and sheets, and go laughing to the bottom. There are those who call in question the Christian's faith, because he stands from under the falling spar, or takes medicine in his sickness. The Christian may love God, love heaven, and long to be in his eternal home, and yet may dread the circumstances connected with his removal. And often he sings, in the language of the poet,

> "The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
> Fright our approaching souls away,
> And we shrink back again to life,
> Fond of our prison and our clay."

The Lord no where requires us to fall in love with death. It was a curse in the beginning: it is a curse now. But often, in the article of death, when the natural love of life is no longer necessary for our preservation, the Lord so fills the soul with his heavenly grace, that even the instinctive fear of death is

swallowed up. And the idea, that it is the only gate to endless life, reconciles us to the stroke. A man who has been several years in Europe, on business, and who has his family, friends, and chief interest in America, may love his friends—his home, and long to be there; but if he is under the necessity of embarking in a crazy vessel, one that is not sea-worthy, and that at a very boisterous season of the year, he can not avoid having his fears in regard to the voyage, and the circumstances which may be connected with it. Sometimes Christians are placed in circumstances which make life peculiarly desirable, for the time being. Paul knew, that, as it regarded himself, "to live was Christ, and to die was gain." But still, as matters then stood, he might have felt peculiar anxiety about living. His character had been grossly slandered at Jerusalem. There his sister, and perhaps other relations, lived, who felt the stain that was fastened on the family. Indeed, it was a charge of no small magnitude, especially in a Jewish community—a charge of polluting the temple. If proved, it would not only involve him in disgrace, but mar his past success, and obstruct his future labors. He was confident, if he could have a fair hearing before Cæsar, his character would be purged of every stain. Under these circumstances he might have had some fear of being cut off, in this unsettled state of his affairs, and could not say just then, as he did at a subsequent period, "I am now ready to be offered up." Here we see the strength of the angel's exhortation, "*Fear*

not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar." There are Christians now, who, although they are not tormented by the fear of death, yet, under present and peculiar circumstances, desire to live longer. Some religious parents have greatly desired to live, to train up their children, and to see them converted. In after life, bending over the altar of prayer, with deep concern, they have seen their last child rise, disburdened of all his guilt, and filled with joy in believing; and they have lifted their streaming eyes to heaven, and have said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servants depart in peace; for our eyes have seen thy salvation!" It is true, that sudden death, in the midst of storm, uproar, and confusion, wears an aspect peculiarly gloomy; but Christian sailors should be both religiously and philosophically fortified. They should know that the physical pangs of death have been greatly exaggerated, time immemorial. Some who have been drowned, and who have afterward been resuscitated, have represented that as an easy death. We would give the testimony of Dr. Clarke, in his own words: "At first, I thought I saw the bottom clearly, and then felt neither apprehension nor pain; on the contrary, I felt as if I had been in the most delightful situation. My mind was tranquil, and uncommonly happy. I felt as if in paradise; and yet I do not recollect that I saw any person; the impression of happiness seemed not to be derived from any thing around me, but from the state of my mind; and yet I had a general apprehension of pleasing objects; and I can not recollect

that any thing appeared defined, nor did my eye take in any object; only I had a general impression of green color, such as of fields or gardens. My happiness did not arise from these, but appeared to consist merely in the tranquil state of my mind. I take it for granted, from the circumstances, that those who die by drowning, feel no pain, and that probably it is the easiest of all deaths." True, the stings of a guilty conscience will make any death horrible, as far as the mind is concerned; but the Christian has the testimony of a good conscience.

We are here reminded of the remarks of a sailor, who was questioned by a landsman thus:

"Where did your father die?"

"On the sea."

"And your grandfather?"

"On the sea."

"Well, are you not afraid to follow the seas, as your business, seeing that it has proved so fatal to your ancestors?"

"Well," said the sailor, "and where did your father die?"

"At home, in his bed."

"And where did your grandfather die?"

"In his bed."

"Astonishing! and are you not afraid to go to bed, seeing it has proved so fatal to your forefathers?"

Let us, then, consider that the Christian is immortal till his work is finished; in the mean time, amidst

all the disasters and tornadoes of the sea, there are ministering angels,

"Perched up aloft,
To keep watch on the life of poor Jack."

When our work is finished, we must go, whether we are at sea, or on shore; and, through the mercy of God, the passage to heaven is as short, and as easy, by water, as by land. And,

"What boots it where the high reward is given,
Or whence the soul, triumphant, springs to heaven?"

A thorough preparation for death, is of infinitely more consequence than the manner, or circumstances of our exit.

It is wrong for Christians to indulge in unnecessary fears about the death of others, who have seemed to leave the world under cloudy circumstances. We should rather resign them into the hands of God, who is the righteous Governor of the universe, and who will do right. Mr. Benson makes some very fine remarks on this subject. After speaking of the happy dead, he goes on to observe: "And although we, their companions, are left behind, let us take comfort in considering that it is but for a little time. The hour is fast approaching when we, too, shall make the land. While the prosperous gales of divine grace, arising, swell our sails, and waft our vessel along toward the shore, the tide of some returning affliction will flow, and convey it into the heavenly harbor. Then our friends who have gone before, shall rejoice to see us safely arrive, and crowd to bid us welcome. And we, I doubt not,

shall have the comfort of finding many escaped thither, under the direction of their invisible Captain and Pilot, concerning whom we had entertained fears, lest, during the storm, they had suffered shipwreck, and had been lost amid the raging billows. And, O, what a meeting shall that be!—what mutual joys and gratulations, increased and hightened by the great and threatening dangers through which the parties have passed! Let us comfort our hearts with the prospect of it amid the waves of this troublesome world. Let us entreat our Pilot to stay with us, and to take charge of our valuable vessels, richly laden with immortal souls, but very liable to be run aground upon the sand-banks of this world, the rocks of pride, or even to be swallowed up in the whirlpools of pleasure. Let us spread the sails of our affections, to catch the gales of those heavenly influences that arise to waft us to the promised land."

God comforted Paul with the assurance that he should not die at that time: "*Thou must be brought before Cæsar.*"

4. Christians should not have *distressing* fears concerning the wicked. They should have that conservative fear that will lead them to put forth every necessary effort for their salvation. Having done this, we should calmly leave the event to God.

Paul was, doubtless, much exercised about his wicked shipmates. He found himself, by the providence of God, placed in the spiritual charge of two hundred and seventy-six souls. The most of them

were, no doubt, desperately wicked. They were a motley mixture of sailors, soldiers, and convicts. While the apostle saw this ungodly crew, hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the awful gulf of damnation, in all their blood, and in all their unpardoned sins, he must have felt fearful apprehensions concerning them, and, doubtless, lost no opportunity of exhorting, reproving, and entreating them to make their peace with God. It is not unreasonable to suppose he was swallowed up with overmuch sorrow. To calm his troubled mind, the angel was directed to add, "And lo! God hath given thee all them that sail with thee!" Paul was the *light* of this ship—the *salt* of the crew; and it was a remarkable circumstance that, although they were shipwrecked, and the vessel went entirely to pieces, yet, out of a ship's company of two hundred and seventy-six persons, not one was lost. But we are not sure that God did not promise Paul their souls, as well as their lives; for it was their salvation that he was most concerned about; and the promise was very strong, "Lo! God has given thee all them that sail with thee!" Paul preached much to them, and under very favorable circumstances, with death, judgment, and eternity full in view. The exact fulfillment of his predictions must have convinced them of his heavenly mission. The miracles which he afterward wrought in the island increased their confidence. Numbers of them might have embraced religion before they parted with the singular prisoner. Others might have procrastinated for a

season; but perhaps, at some future period of their adventurous career, when their ships were making their last plunge, they might have thought on Paul, and the salvation he had offered them, and, laying hold on the hope of the Gospel, might have made their earnest and last appeals to almighty God; and, although their bodies sunk into the fluid waste, their immortal spirits might have arisen above the angry surface, with a shout, and winged their mystic flight to fairer worlds; and it should not be a matter of much surprise, if, in the coming day of the Lord, they should all be safely moored, with the apostle, hard by the eternal throne. O, sailors! have you a Paul—a true Christian—on board? Bless God, and take courage; and let not the Christian sailor be swallowed up with overmuch fear, on account of his wicked shipmates. Let him pray much, live holy, and set a good example, and God may give him all that sail with him.

5. Useless fear. The fears of Paul were all useless, except that tender, filial fear, which is inseparable from Christian faith. This the event will show. On the fourteenth night, while they were driven up and down in Adria, the seamen deemed they were nearing land. This they judged from many signs—the appearance of the water, the peculiar motion of the vessel, and the disposition of the atmosphere; for sailors, after being long at sea, are very sensitive of such matters. They sounded, and found twenty fathoms. In a little while they heaved the lead again, and got fifteen fathoms. This was

making the land fast. They became alarmed, and dropped four anchors astern. The vessel was, perhaps, built like a Dutch galiot, and carried anchors both fore and aft; and, as they supposed that they had no ground to spare, they dropped their anchors astern; and they wished for the day—expressive words! Those who have been exposed to the danger of shipwreck, through a long and gloomy night, can alone realize with what agony men look for the day under such circumstances. About this time the sailors and their officers formed a conspiracy to seize the boat, and make their escape. In order to do this, they pretended that it was necessary to carry anchors out from the bows. If this had been necessary, truly they would have needed the boat. But it would have been great folly to have moored the vessel, head and stern, in such a tumultuous sea, and in a gale which was shifting so often and so suddenly from point to point. However, they thought the soldiers knew no better. It is probable that the sailing-master and his officers judged that they were blown upon the coast of Africa, and that landing would be very difficult, and they concluded to lay off and on, in the boat, till daylight, and, if they found they could not safely land where they were, to run down the coast till they could. Paul, however, understood their design, and said to the centurion, "Except these remain on board ye can not be saved." This shows us the necessity of attending to means and observing conditions. Salvation is conditional; and, even where conditions are

not expressed, the very character and economy of God imply them. It is true that the Lord had unequivocally promised Paul that none should be lost; but the sailors were necessary to work the vessel, lash spars, make rafts, loose the rudder-band, and reef and hoist the sail. When no immediate danger was nigh, Julius believed the captain rather than Paul; but, after a more intimate acquaintance, and especially when death hove in view, and life was at stake, he believed more in the minister of Christ, and commanded his soldiers to cut the boat's painter, and send her adrift. Paul then exhorted them to take some refreshment, to strengthen and prepare them for the shock. Having taken his advice, they gathered courage, and began to throw their wheat overboard, so that they might, if necessary, run the ship as high as possible on the beach. This wheat was, doubtless, government property. When the day broke, they discovered an island; but knew not the land. But they discovered the mouth of a creek, into which they determined to drive the vessel. The storm had, perhaps, abated a little. Having unlashed the rudder and hoisted their mainsail, they made for the land. They did not hoist the *main-sail* in the modern, technical sense of the term. This would have been both improper and impracticable. They hoisted the sail which was now their *main* dependence—perhaps their close-reefed fore-sail, or their jib. Every heart now beat with anxiety, and every man braced himself for the shock; but, striking on a bank that had been formed by two

contrary currents, the vessel struck, and the seas broke with great violence over the stern, and she began to break in pieces. Those who could, swam for their lives. Others, on rafts, or broken pieces of timber, made good their escape, and all got safely to land. The island on which they were cast is now called Malta. They were treated with that extraordinary hospitality which has ever since distinguished the island. They were not called barbarians, in the modern sense of the word. They were highly civilized. The historian calls them barbarians because they spoke in a language which was not generally understood by the ship's company. What a pity it was that the ship fell into a place where two seas met! Brother sailor, look out! there is danger in thy spiritual voyage! Waters and seas, in the Scriptures, often represent people—multitudes. There are two seas, or two kinds of people, in the world—the righteous and the wicked—the Church and the world. There are different degrees in grace, and different degrees in sin. There is a polar region, where these two seas meet—the Church and the world; there holiness is wrecked, and faith frozen out. Beware of that bank, by keeping in the warm latitude of Divine love. In the days of Constantine, a gallant ship of Rome, whose faith had been spoken of throughout the world, struck on that bank, and has been going to pieces ever since. We hope, however, that many of her crew, by hard swimming, and availing themselves of broken fragments of truth, have happily reached the shore.

By pursuing the narrative, we find that Paul had no need to fear. He finally stood before Cæsar, and was cleared of all the ungenerous charges that had been brought against him. So it is often with us. How often do we suffer *real distress* through fear of *imaginary ills* to come! It is a good saying, that "we should not climb a mountain till we come to it." In the war of 1812, we were in a company of volunteers, who marched from the lower parts of Virginia for the north-western army. After a few days' march, we came in sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains. They seemed to spread up into the heavens, like a dark and unbroken wall. There was much inquietude in the camp that night, and much inquiry how we might scale that stupendous rampart next day. But, as we advanced to the foot of the mountain, we entered into a road which gradually ascended, winding along a dark ravine. Sometimes we saw, ahead, inaccessible cliffs, which seemed to frown upon us, and to say, "Thus far may you come, but no farther." But, as we advanced, the road would wind round the difficulty—at one time ascending, at another descending—and when we thought our troubles were just beginning, it was announced that we had made the summit, and had nothing to do but to move down into the great valley.

Thus it is that we often trouble ourselves about misfortunes that never come; or, if they do come, they are so unlike what we foreboded, that we hardly recognize them. We might illustrate this by the

case of a brother, who resided in the bounds of our pastoral charge. He was a plain farmer, and far removed from the noise and bustle of the world. He was universally esteemed as a man of exemplary piety, but remarkably still in his profession. He might have enjoyed religion much more, but for his gloomy forebodings. He was often heard to say, in his class, and elsewhere, that he enjoyed religion some, but that often, when he began to feel happy, one thought of death would spoil all his enjoyment. This did not seem to arise from a consciousness of not being accepted; but his mind dwelt so much on the circumstances of death—the coffin, the winding-sheet, the grave. We attended our regular appointment, in his neighborhood, one day. He had been employed in some business on his farm, and had accidentally fallen on a stake. Being in a perspiration, he was unconscious of the extent of his injury, and left his work, to attend meeting. When the services were ended, he made an attempt to rise, but found his whole frame paralyzed. He was taken home, and laid on his bed. In a moment his soul was filled with unutterable joy, and he shouted the praises of God. "O, brethren," said he, "pardon my noise. I have always been silent in your assemblies; but now it is my time. Others have shouted; but I was dumb with silence; but now I am drawing home. O, the music! the celestial music! Do you not hear it?" His friends asked him, "What music?" He answered, "Such as I have never heard before!" and then, as if he was

looking beyond the confines of time, he exclaimed, with a heavenly smile, "They come! they come!" He was asked, who was coming. He answered, "The angels, the angels, to carry me home!" and the dying saint fell back upon his pillow, and closed his eyes in death. Now, is it not a matter of regret that so many Christians live like this man—in constant dread of what is to come, when, in the end, it is manifest that all their fears are useless?

"Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids us undismayed go on."

While o'er the Adriatic main
The fierce levanter wildly raved,
And sailors saw their labor vain,
And lost all hope of being saved—

While Paul, oppressed with anxious care,
Bewailed, as lost, the wretched crew,
And was inclined himself to fear
The ruthless gale that round him blew—

A lovely angel came to cheer
And calm the pilgrim's drooping mind;
He bade the captive saint not fear;
For God himself was in the wind.

"Fear not; the Maker of the seas
Will bear this wretched crew to land;
And God unchangeably decrees
That thou at Cæsar's bar must stand."

And can a feeble prisoner's prayers
Arrest the angry arm of Heaven,
And draw salvation from the skies,
When hope from every breast is riven?

The crew with wild amazement stared,
And owned Jehovah's unseen hand;
While Paul, in irons, guards his guard,
And leads his pilot safe to land.

SERMON VI.

SEA-FIGHT.

BLEST is the man who never faints
In Virtue's holy cause;
Strong in the righteousness of saints,
He keeps his Maker's laws.

He never tires in doing well,
He can not cease to love;
But restless as the ocean's swell,
His active virtues move.

And as the midway waters roll,
Their waves exceeding clear,
So does the blood-besprinkled soul
Before his God appear.

Salt of the earth, he will retain
The saving power of grace;
And like the vast salubrious main,
Preserve our tainted race.

His peace and righteousness abound—
His river, and his sea—
Till swallowed in the great profound
Of blest eternity.

"O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea," ISAIAH XLVIII, 18.

THAT the power of volition has been graciously bestowed on our fallen race, is so fully recognized by our text, as to preclude all controversy. The Lord is represented as mourning over the Israelites, for their not doing that which they might have done.

And it seems that his foreknowledge did as clearly embrace what might have been, as what actually was. "*O, that thou* hadst hearkened to my commandments!" This is the language of regret. "Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." This was the comprehension of his foreknowledge.

We might, however, premise that man is under obligations to keep the commandments of God.

1. Because the Lord has created him; for there is no truth more self-evident than this. The Lord has a right to do what he will with his own; especially when we consider that his infinite benevolence will prompt him to will only the highest happiness of his creatures.

2. God has a right to command us, in virtue of our redemption. We are doubly his: for when we had destroyed ourselves, and forfeited all hope of mercy and compassion—when we were lying in the open field of ruin, weltering in our blood, and wallowing in our sins, the Lord gave his only-begotten Son, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. So we are not our own, but bought with a price; even the precious blood of Christ; and we are bound to glorify God with our bodies and spirits, which are his.

3. The Israelites were his also by *contract*, or covenant; in which it was expressly stipulated that he would be their God, and that they would be his people. We sometimes see cause to make contracts with our fellow-men; when, for some important con-

sideration, we cede to them some of our natural rights. When a sailor enters on board a man-of-war, and signs the articles, he binds himself to obey his officers. It is true, he may be commanded by young and inexperienced officers—sometimes by midshipmen not more than twelve or fifteen years of age; and the experienced seaman may be ordered to do what he knows is not for the welfare of the ship; yet he feels bound to do it. Tell him that it is wrong, he will say, "*I know it; but I will obey orders if I break owners.*" Now, all who have devoted themselves to a life of piety and holiness, have made, as Israel did, a covenant with the Lord. And we know that our glorious God is too wise to err through ignorance—too good to err designedly; therefore, it is our highest privilege, as well as our bounden duty, to keep his commandments. We have said that the commands of men are sometimes unreasonable. The laws of God are not, and never have been grievous. We know that infidels say, that the very first commandment supposed to be given by him, was both unreasonable and grievous. "Who will believe," say they, "that God would condemn our first parents for merely eating an apple, or some other kind of fruit?" But here, let us observe, that the sin of man did not consist in merely eating. The Lord, in his very organization, intended that he should eat; and to meet his wants, all the trees and shrubbery, and all the meandering vines, that ran through the walks of Paradise, were clustered with the most delicious fruit, and that in the greatest variety. The

command was given to him as a test of his love and obedience. If man could have set fire to the creation, so as to involve the whole universe in a conflagration, and had done so, it would have been *rebellion.* The eating of the forbidden fruit was not *less* so. He *disobeyed* God.

The circumstance of the law being so simple, argues great mercy in the Almighty. It was no abstruse, or undefinable mystery—a child might understand it. "*In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die.*" It was not grievous to bear. We do not understand that there was any peculiar attraction, or magnetism, in the fruit itself. Neither are we taught that there was any natural predilection in either the soul or body of man, to lure him to his fate. If the Lord had given him a commandment which he could not have kept, without doing constant violence to his nature, he might have complained. But with all the bias of his nature heavenward, he did, either to gratify his curiosity, and to see if the consequence would be as divine Wisdom had predicted, or to elevate himself to a higher nature, as the enemy had foretold, stretch forth his hand to the

> "Fruit of that forbidden tree,
> Whose mortal taste brought death into the world,
> And all our woe."

The next form in which we would view the law of God, is the ten commandments given through Moses—the moral law. That this is founded in wisdom and righteousness, will appear from the fact,

that although the commandments are only ten in number, yet, if they were universally observed, even in the dead letter, this earth would soon become an Eden, and there would be no necessity for any human legislation. We have not room to analyze this law. It is sufficient to call your attention to a few particulars.

The first law, which requires us to make God the supreme object of our devotions, can not be either unreasonable or grievous. When we consider that it is from him we derive life and all its blessings—food and raiment, friends and health, and safe abode, and every good and perfect gift—should we not give him the uppermost seat in our hearts and our affections? And under such circumstances, is it not gross idolatry to love the creature more than the Creator, who is "God over all, and blessed forever?"

The law of the Sabbath is also highly reasonable, and ought to be delightful to every reasonable mind. If the Lord had commanded the Sabbath to be observed, for the purpose of glorifying himself only, it ought not to be considered grievous. If a benevolent individual should give a poor man seven hundred dollars, imposing it on him at the same time, to spend one hundred in procuring him a portrait of himself, to hang up in his house to remind himself and family of their benefactor, and the poor man should do so, pray what would he lose? Would he not be six hundred dollars richer than he was? Well, God has given us our lives—every beating pulse that we tell, every breath that we draw; our moments,

days, weeks, months, and years; and is it not highly reasonable that we should devote one-seventh of all to his glory? But our obligation increases, when we are told that "*the Sabbath was made for man.*" His nature, physical, mental, and moral, requires it. It promotes his highest interests in time and eternity. It was not made for angels or devils, but for man; therefore, man should observe it.

Now, as it regards the rest—"Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not kill," etc.—these laws are so manifestly necessary for the comfort and well-being of society, that a humane Atheist can not object to them; for our well-being in this life requires their observance.

Let us now look at the commandments of God as abridged, or reduced, to their most simple essence: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." These comprise the whole decalogue—the law and the prophets. We ask, Are these grievous? Some will say, "Yes; for this plain reason, no one can keep them." If it is meant that no one, in the strength of our fallen state, can keep them, we object not. But when we consider that the Gospel, which requires them, comes consigned to the sinner, richly laden with a glorious plenitude of divine grace, and says, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened," we are constrained to say, here, also, his law is not grievous.

It is true, that under these two general heads are ranged divers commands, differing as widely as the

states and conditions of men. There are commands for the vilest of sinners, as, "Let the wicked forsake his way: the unrighteous man his thoughts." There are invitations to penitents and mourners, as, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To the righteous, it is said, "Let us go on to perfection." There are commandments addressed to parents, to children, to husbands, to wives, to magistrates, to people, to masters, to servants. But the first commandment given to every sinner, is, "*Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*"

In discussing our text, we argue,

I. It is only in obeying the commandments of God, that we can be righteous or religious.

All men, in a state of nature, break the commandments of God. But He who is rich in mercy has not abandoned us in our lost estate. He has sacrificed his Son to save the world. He has made him to be a sin-offering for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. To this end, the Holy Spirit has come into the world, reproving us of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Those who yield to the Divine reproof, betake themselves to the means of grace, and say, "Thy face will we seek," soon feel an earnest hungering and thirsting after righteousness burning within them. And Jesus has said, "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for ye shall be filled." These figures are an appropriate expression of the intense anxiety and mental anguish

of that soul who is earnestly breathing after God. All men have experienced, at some time, the uneasy yearnings of hunger and thirst, in some degree. But to attain to the full strength of the figure, look at that unhappy ship's company, who have been compelled to launch their boats, and desert their sinking home. When they first left the wreck, they pulled strong and rowed regular. They were full of hope; and the thought of home—sweet home—their wives and children, rushed on their nerves and called their vigor forth. But what has now come over them? They seem languid, dispirited, desponding. They have long since divided their last moldy biscuit. Their last bottle of water is expended, and they are on the point of starvation. Presently, they cast strange and mysterious looks on each other. Each, though drowsy, is afraid to close his eyes, lest he should be devoured by his messmates. At last, the open proposal is made, that lots be cast, and that one die to save the suffering crew; and the poor skeleton of a sailor hardly knows whether to put up his prayer, that he may be the victim, or that he may be spared to satiate his raging hunger and thirst with the flesh and blood of his own shipmate. Now, in this condition, parents, wives, children, friends, and sacred home, are all forgotten. All their thoughts, feelings, and words, are swallowed up in the all-absorbing question, "Where shall we get something to eat—something to drink?" They truly hunger and thirst. Or see that crew that has been stranded on the coast of a sandy desert. They have wan-

dered for many a long and dusty mile, alike destitute of food and water. The sun pours with intolerable violence on their throbbing temples. They look ahead, and fancy they see a little hill-surrounded valley. There, they hope, lurks the cooling spring, or rippling brook. They put out all their remaining strength. Hope adds wings to their feet. But when they gain the long-sought spot, it is only a few deceitful sand-hills, thrown together by the sportive whirlwinds of the desert. Now they fall down in despair; their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths; and extreme hunger and thirst expel from their minds every thought, but how they may quench their thirst and allay their hunger. It is thus that the penitent soul pants for the water of life—the bread of heaven. His intense anxiety for salvation crowds every thing else out of his mind. He is ready to say, "Why should I labor for the bread that perishes, while my soul—my immortal spirit, is starving?" He flies to secret places; he falls on his bended knees, and he cries, "O, for a precious draught from the well of salvation! O, for one crumb of the bread of life!" His irreligious friends and relations may weep and mourn over his condition, and bewail him as deranged and lost; but in the mean time, angels are rejoicing, and Jesus says, "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for ye shall be *filled!*" Why does our Lord pronounce such a man blessed? He does not delight in the sorrows of his creatures. He has declared that he does not willingly afflict the children

of men but for their good. He pronounces him blessed, because he knows that he is not far from the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy. He knows that the extremity of his thirst, under the blood of sprinkling, will bring him to the fountain—his hunger will lead him to the rich storehouse of grace. Do you see that boy that is prompt at every call? He is first on deck, first in the bunt, first at the weather-earing, and has such an amazing concern to become a perfect seaman that it drives every other concern from his mind. Will he not succeed? Well, so it is with the soul that thirsts after God. He thirsts on, prays on, reads on, fasts on, and never rests till, by faith, he lays hold on the hope of salvation. The Lord purifies his heart by grace, and fills him with righteousness—with pure religion.

This religion is represented in our text as being like the waves of the sea.

1. *As it regards its purity.* The waters of the midway ocean, or beyond all soundings, are remarkable for their transparency. When any bright article falls overboard, it may be seen for many a fathom beneath the glossy surface of the deep; and there is nothing, in a crude state of nature, more pure and clear than the waves of the sea. This is a beautiful representation of our holy religion. It is not that abhorrent mixture of vice and virtue, of sin and holiness, that some have represented it to be. It is our high calling to be cleansed from all unrighteousness. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." "Be ye holy, *because* I, the Lord thy God,

am holy." Here it is: If God is holy, his religion must be holy; for no pure fountain can send forth impure water. Well, if this religion is holy, it must require holiness of all its recipients. We must be holy, then, *because* God is holy.

2. The waves of the sea possess a *saline* or *preservative* quality. If it were not so, the many animals which perish in the sea, together with all the filth and corruption swept into it by the mouths of a thousand rivers, would putrefy, poison the whole atmosphere, and spread a universal pestilence throughout the earth. Righteousness has, also, a preservative power. Christ said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." It is the Church of God, under the blood of atonement, that preserves our corrupted race. This is no fanciful play on figures. It is a doctrine of the Bible. It was clearly demonstrated in the destruction of the cities of the plain. When the Lord made known his design to Abraham, that pious patriarch was deeply affected, and he began to expostulate with his Maker in mighty prayer. "O, Lord God," said he, "if there be fifty righteous persons in the city, wilt thou not spare it for the sake of the fifty?" The Lord answered that he would. Then Abraham said, "Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty; wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five?" And the Lord said, "If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it." And thus Abraham went on, drawing on the infinite benevolence of God, till he got the number reduced down to ten. And the Lord said, "I will

not destroy it for the ten's sake." When Abraham found that there were not ten pious souls in all the plain, he considered the case hopeless. There was only one righteous family, and the Lord determined that they should not perish with the guilty. The wife of Lot was, doubtless, a child of God; but she was too worldly-minded, and her heart and affections were too closely wedded to the plains, and her interests there. She cast a lingering look behind, and the Lord struck her into a pillar of *salt*. And why a pillar of salt? That all coming ages might see that, even in the most unworthy of all Lot's family, the city lost a *pillar of salt*. Ten such pillars would have preserved the city till the coming of our Savior.

When Paul was sailing toward Rome, as a prisoner, and a heavy tempest overtook the ship, he prayed for the preservation of the wicked crew, and about midnight the angel of the Lord stood before him, and said, "Fear not, Paul; thou must stand before Cæsar; and lo! God hath given thee all them that sail with thee!" Was not Paul the salt of that ship—the preserver, under God, of all that wicked crew?

3. The waves of the sea are always active—always in motion. Even in the calmest times, when the surface is as smooth as a mirror, still the long, heavy swells are seen. The ship is still in motion, and there is often more wear and tear of sails and rigging than there is in a steady gale; and the waves of the sea have never been perfectly still since the Lord measured out the waters in the hollow of his hand.

The righteousness of saints is of an active, stirring, restless nature. It is always employed in getting or doing good. As it regards devotional exercises, the Christian does not pray on the Sabbath, and neglect to pray on the week-day. He is always the same uniform character, at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. In works of benevolence he is active, too. He does not murmur when solicited to help the poor, or to support the Gospel. He rejoices in every opportunity he has, to lay up treasure in heaven; and there is no bilge-water religion in his soul. He is instant, in season and out of season, in exhorting, reproving, and rebuking, with all long-suffering and tender compassion.

4. The waves of the sea roll free for all men. The land may be divided, and is divided, by lines and fences; and avaricious man may set the boundaries of his domain; but the independent billows of the proud sea disdain all property-marks and individual claims, and, rolling high over all impertinent pretensions, flow freely for all mankind—as free for the fragile skiff of the untutored savage, as for the splendid frigate that bears a nation's thunder round the world. So this righteousness flows free for all men; and whosoever will come, may come, and partake of the water of life freely.

5. In the hardest storms, the waves of the sea rise highest, and loom the most majestic, till, with foaming hands, they seem to slap the saucy clouds that have aroused their wrath. In the midst of persecution, affliction, and distress, or while the keen

tempest of poverty is sweeping over God's heritage, then the saint mounts nearest to his God, and the power of divine grace that sustains him awes a guilty world.

II. It is only in obeying the commandments of God we can have peace.

Man, in an unconverted state, is in rebellion against God. There is war between the sinner and his Maker. The Spirit warreth against the flesh, and the flesh fighteth against the Spirit, and these are contrary, the one to the other. Man first intrenches himself in *infidelity*, and denies his moral responsibility to his Creator, and wars against every principle of righteousness and true holiness. The Lord, by his word, his Spirit, his ministry, and his economy in creation and providence, contends against the unbelief of his obstinate subject, till, not unfrequently, he is made to yield to the force and power of divine truth, so as to acknowledge the righteous claims of Heaven. But is he then reclaimed? Far from it. He confesses the authority of God, the equity of his law, the beauty of holiness, and the absolute necessity of the sinner's regeneration, in order to eternal happiness; but he now takes shelter in the fortress of *procrastination*. He *will* keep the commandments of God; but not now. He would burn out the lively taper of life in the service of God's enemy, and then fling the ashes on heaven's altar; and he thinks that the Almighty will bear the insult. We do not mean that this is universally the case. There are those who have

submitted to the Lord as soon as they have been convinced of the falsehood of their views. We were greatly pleased with the experience of an old tar, which was given in one of the Bethel meetings. It seems that the morning of his life had been spent in sinful mirth. The ship in which he was sailing was so circumstanced, for the time being, that the most experienced had no hope of being saved, but were expecting death every moment. All hands had betaken themselves to prayer but this poor sailor. The shipmates implored him to think of his soul, and to call upon God. "No, no," said he, "I must not now. I have lived in sin till now. I dare not insult my Maker by offering him the very last dregs of my miserable life. I can not do so mean. I see the folly of my life; and, if I had the prospect of a few more years ahead, I would act otherwise; but now it is too late. I could have no confidence in my own repentance at this late hour." He would not bow his knees. The ship was providentially delivered from her perilous situation. The crew were glad. Soon the intoxicating cup passed round. Their songs and oaths again resounded through the forecastle; but he who would not insult his Maker, by offering him his last hour, was not seen in their noisy mess. Like the poor, stricken deer, he withdrew from the wicked club, and, in secret, sought the Lord, and never rested till the peace of God possessed his soul. He was the only one, of all the ship's company, that forsook his sins. But how many, who profess to be men of principle, are procrastinating till death or

old age! And when the Lord, by all the means and appliances of the Gospel, routs sinners out of their procrastination, do they then submit? Not always. They generally make their last retreat into the castle of *despair*. They write bitter things against themselves, and madly blaspheme their God. They now say, "The time has been when we might have sought and found salvation. We then said, 'Time enough yet; time enough yet!' But now mercy is clean gone forever; the harvest is over; the summer is ended; and we are not saved." But our gracious Lord fights against their dark despondency, and often saves them with an everlasting salvation.

Or, if you wish to view the subject in a more ship-shape form, let us weigh anchor, and put out into blue water. Look out on the troubled sea of life! Behold that gallant man-of-war! At her peak waves the bloody ensign of the cross, and the pennant of just retribution coils gracefully around her towering main. She is laden with grace, and plentifully supplied with the bread and water of life. She is on a cruise of mercy, commanded by the eternal Emanuel; and the crew that is with him are called, and faithful, and chosen. On her stern, in letters of light, may be seen, "THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL." She carries four beautiful sky-lights, and in them are the names of the holy Evangelists of almighty God. Omnipotence stands at the helm, and her magazine is the word of God.

But do you see that miserable group of pica-roons to windward? It is the squadron of human

depravity, that is bearing down to make war with the Lord and the Gospel. The first ship that heaves into action is INFIDELITY. She is as old as the Gospel. Although her rigging, at first sight, appears, to some, weighty and imposing, yet she is of no depth, and, if possible, of less burden. She is commanded by the devil—the high-admiral of the black—and, in company with other mutineers, is convoying the world to hell. Her crew are remarkable for their dexterity, but still more remarkable for a wrong application of their powers. While danger is at a distance, they are bold and boisterous; but, in storms and engagements, they skulk miserably. They are well drilled in every branch of Tom Cox's traverse, and can sling the hatchet admirably. Infidelity fights with Satanic malice. She wages the war with a design to rib and sink the everlasting Gospel, and not leave a single plank on which the Christian may escape to land. But her shot are formed of very brittle materials—satire, low wit, and ridicule—which can make but little impression on bulwarks founded in truth. She belches out many rockets and bombs of sacrilege and blasphemy, which fly harmless over the old ship Zion, or, if they strike at all, rebound, with fatal fury, on the heads of the assailant.

The war, on the part of the Gospel, is a war of mercy; for she launched out into the world, not to destroy the world, but that the world, through her, might be saved. Hence, her guns are principally leveled at the hull and rigging of Infidelity, which

have long since been riddled and cut in pieces by the force and power of divine truth. It is the design of the great Captain of our salvation to expose the weakness of the shelter, that those who have embarked in such a wretched expedition may be induced to quit the wreck, and seek safety in the ark of eternal salvation. It is true that the Lord sometimes, by way of example, lays a notorious sinner low, that others may fear, and lay it to heart, and repent. And there have been times of special retribution, when the scuppers have been strewed with the slain. It has been thought by some, that this old frigate of damnation would have struck long since, were it not for a little flat-bottomed tender, called "PRIDE," which is dressed up in all the colors of the rainbow. It is amusing to see this little craft maneuvering. She is frequently down on her beam's end; but is very active in righting again. When any of the infidels jump overboard, and swim for their lives, to lay hold on the hope set before them, she generally follows them with a volley of small arms, hissing and laughing. And there are some who dread her popguns more than they do all the thunder of the law and Gospel. But, thank God! great numbers have deserted infidelity, and laid hold on the hawser of eternal life. Sometimes Infidelity has been so weakened by the victories of the cross, that she has been compelled to haul off, for a season, to clear the wreck, ship hands, stop leaks, repair damages, reeve new braces, splice backstays, paint her sides, and mask her batteries, that she may renew

the conflict under more imposing circumstances. Meantime, all her crew who have become crippled, or any way disaffected, are transferred on board "PROCRASTINATION," which next comes into action. This vessel is not so formidable and martial in her appearance, and not so open in her hostility. She is a remarkably dull sailer, and is manned with such as are halting between two opinions. She is commanded by Presumption, and steered by Delusion; and although slow, to a proverb, there is not a ship in all the navy of hell better calculated to convey souls to perdition. Every one who enters on board, does so with an intention of deserting at some time. Indeed, the captain favors this idea, and permits the vessel to be rigged with good desires. He thinks that while they are content to live in procrastination, and feed on golden dreams, he is as certain of them as if they were already fast anchored in the infernal lake. As soon as Procrastination comes within gunshot, she hoists a beggarly flag of truce, professes to be convinced of the divine structure of the Gospel, and of her invincible power. She hails the Prince of Peace, and declares that she *will strike*, and come under his lee; but—but—but not now. Indeed, she always has more buts than brains on board; so she continues slyly to ply her carronades.

The Gospel does not abate her thunder at all, but pours it in, hot and heavy, broadside after broadside. However, "the weapons of her warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." Her shot, made of solid truth, and

molded in love, are taken from the locker of divine inspiration. Here, "every bullet has its billet." They bear various inscriptions; such as, "*To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;*" or, "*Behold, now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation.*" Sometimes the Lord sends a shaft of Divine judgment, and cuts a sinner down, that the survivors may number their days, and apply their hearts to wisdom; for even the arrows of the Almighty are dipped in compassion, and winged with mercy. The incessant firing of the Gospel often makes a good impression, and many cry out, "We will submit." But it is only the man who says, "I *do* submit," who has learned the happy art of escaping this fascinating hooker. The word and leap go together, and the sinner springs from the gunwale of Procrastination, throws himself on the unbounded sea of God's mercy, and is picked up by the life-boat of Zion's holy ship. But it is to be lamented that when the enemy sees a disposition in some for an immediate surrender, he binds them hand and foot, and removes them to the old prison-ship of "DESPAIR." She may be called a prison-ship, because she is so strongly guarded by the powers of darkness; nevertheless, there is fighting on board. She is perfectly black: waists, bends, and bottom; and always carries her dead-lights shipped. She is commanded by Despondency, and her gunner is Blasphemy. She is much disabled in her head, and fights by fits and starts. Her shot are wild and scattering; and her crew, in their frantic and disor-

dered state, often run out their guns breech foremost, and rake their own decks miserably. They write bitter things against themselves, and believe that they are the marked objects of God's displeasure. But the Lord deals tenderly with them, and throws out very encouraging signals. He hails them through his silver trumpet, and says, "Come, let us reason together; and though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as white as snow." "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." At times the crew will encourage them to hope, by saying, "Once, such were some of us; but we are washed, we are justified, we are sanctified, by the Spirit of our God. Come, O, ye despairing sinners, and trust a faithful Lord!" And, blessed be God! some do escape, even from this last sad refuge of despair, and are boused, joyfully, on board the everlasting Gospel.

Such are some of the enemies that the Gospel has to contend with, in the world at large, as well as in the bosom of every man. But we humbly trust that she is now getting the weather-gauge. A little more tacking and wearing, and beating and hauling—a few more long legs and short ones, and, glory to God! we will reach the pleasant latitude of the millennial trade-winds; and we will have nothing to do but up helm, square her yards, run out her stud-sail-booms, hoist every sail chock block, make fast the haul-yards for a full due, cut away the down-hauls, and drive the triumphant flag of our God through the blazing fleet of the enemy, set on fire the king-

dom of darkness, and, in the strength of our great Redeemer, capsize the throne of hell. And, thank God! there is no danger of a short allowance—no fear of starvation. We have heaven for our store-ship, Jesus Christ for our Purser, the wine of the kingdom to splice the main-brace, and our bread and our water are sure. All we have to do, is, to stand every man to his station, and cook to the fore-sheet, keep a bright look-out ahead, watch the lee-lurch and the weather-roll; while our adorable Captain will cheer us with the sound, "Steady as she goes! Thus! thus! very well thus!" And let the sinner renounce his *infidelity*, desert *procrastination*, and give *despair* a wide berth, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and peace—sweet peace, will overflow his soul.

The peace, consequent on keeping the commandments of God, is as a river. Peace! O, how lovely that word! I have sometimes thought, that if a foreigner—a stranger to our language—should merely hear that word, he would at once suspect, from the melody of its tone, that it was a favorite vehicle of mental treasure. Peace! write it; how fair! sound it; how harmonious! Even political peace is sweet. When two nations have been distracted, and laid waste by war, and it is announced over the land, that

> "Wild war's deadly blast is blown,
> And gentle peace returning,"

both people are at once struck tremulous with joy, and earth's remotest regions smile with sympathy. In my younger days I used to be singularly affected

by a song of my shipmates. The song itself was rough and uncouth, both in regard to rhyme and measure; but its sentiment always touched some of the most tender chords of our nature. It was the simple narrative of a poor man-of-war's man, who had been pressed, and dragged away, to fight the battles of his country. And after hard fighting, the ship is represented as having returned, and anchored in full view of his native plains; and he goes on to sing,

"As on the yards we lay,
The topsails for to furl,
I heard the pilot say,
'Twas peace with all the world."

In my imagination, I saw the poor man returned to his native isle; but no prospect of deliverance—no restoration to his family and friends, while the war lasted. He mounts the ratlins with a heavy heart, and slowly lays out on the yard-arm to discharge a duty, from which he never expected to be released till death. But just as he is bending over, to lay hold on the leech, he hears the pilot, who had just boarded, say to the officers on deck, "It is peace with all the world!" O, how sweet was the sound, to the weather-beaten and war-worn sailor! a joyous prelude to his deliverance from a floating hell, and his restoration to liberty and domestic happiness! But what is this, to the thrilling ecstasy of the young convert, who can lay his hand upon his breast and say, "I have peace within, peace with my God, and peace with all the world!"

Peace *like a river*. Rivers commonly originate in

small springs. We might trace the Mississippi, the great father of waters, up to a small, but perpetual spring in the far-off mountains. Look at it, in its origin. The little unassuming stream winds noiselessly along. But, as it flows along, other springs unite their tributary drops. At first, small obstructions—little stones, may interrupt its course, and control its tortuous way; but, as it is reinforced by its numerous and inexhaustible allies, it gathers strength. In its first formation, it might have turned into some deep valley surrounded by inaccessible mountains; but there it swells, rises, and roars, till,

"Gathering triple force, rapid and deep
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and—thunders through."

The everlasting hills give way; and on it rushes, plowing a deeper bed, and spreading wider banks, till it pours down into the unmeasured ocean.

So the peace of God progresses in the soul. The river, even, in its origin, is pure water. So the righteousness of saints is peace in the beginning; for, "being justified through faith, we have peace with God." This peace is subject to much interruption, in the young convert's bosom; and though it may be occasionally diverted in its progress, by uncontrollable circumstances, it will continually seek the level of Christian humility. As the Christian grows in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord, new streams and rills of consolation, love, and joy, flow in. The water rises;

"A rill—a stream—a torrent flows;
Yet pours the mighty flood!"

His peace becomes deeper, spreads wider, till it becomes a mighty river—a broad river! Risen waters! Alleluiah! A river in which the whole sacramental host of God's elect might swim—a river that will flow forever, because its fountain is eternal and inexhaustible.

Those who keep the commandments of God, shall have peace as a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea. It remains for us to ask, will you, fellow-sinners, and shipmates, keep the commandments of God? will you begin now, "by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ?" Do not meet us with the stale objection, "We *can not*." When the prophet exhorted the revolted Israelites to inquire for the old paths and walk in them, they answered over and above-board, "We *will not* walk therein." They did not say, "We *can not*." They knew that they could. They knew that their fathers had walked therein. They knew that there was a time when there was no spot in Israel—no defilement in Jacob. When a poor apostate prophet stood up to curse them, a divine afflatus overpowered him, and he exclaimed, "How goodly are thy tents, O, Israel! Let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his!" They knew that they *could* keep his commandments, but they said, "*We will not*." Our Savior, who knew all that was in man, in the day of his incarnation, gave the same reason why sinners would not obey him. "Ye *will not* come unto me, that ye might have life."

Then cease the effeminate cry, "We can not; we

can not." Nothing keeps you from obeying the commandments of God, but your own obstinate and perverse wills. The Lord has done every thing that he can, consistent with his attributes, and the moral agency of man, to save sinners. He has slain the sacrifice, prepared the feast, and sent his servants to say, "All things are now ready; come ye to the supper." But if ye *will not*, ye will die in your sins, and your Maker can only lament, "O, that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments; then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

The river, in its rapid course,
By streams and fountains fed,
At every mile augments its force,
And plows a deeper bed.

'Tis first opposed by bars and shoals,
By rocks and mountains too;
But as th' increasing torrent rolls,
It cuts its passage through.

Then onward moves with swifter pace,
And an impetuous sweep,
And strains an everlasting race,
To swell the mighty deep.

Just so, the Christian's growing peace
Enlarges as it flows,
Till lost in love's unbounded seas,
It quits its narrow shores.

Now, scattered wide by winds and tides,
This sacred peace expands,
On waves of righteousness it rides,
And washes distant lands.

Lord, let its limpid billows roll;
O, let the flood increase;
Till love shall reign in every soul,
And war forever cease!

SERMON VII.

RELIEF AT THE HELM.

BEHOLD the gallant bark,
So heavy, deep, and large,
While gathering clouds and tempests dark
Their furious winds discharge!

She darts, with rapid flight,
Before the sweeping gale;
Onward she drives, and shoots, in spite
Of reefed or shortened sail.

While tow'ring seas o'erwhelm,
She mocks their mighty force;
Yet what a little, trifling helm
Directs her foaming course!

And, though she 'tempts a lurch,
Her strongest efforts fail;
The rudder luffs her to the surge,
And shivers every sail.

Just so the snorting steed
Is, by his rider's skill,
In all his rage and lightning speed,
Still bridled in, at will.

The bit and rudder can
Such potent strength control;
And so the slender tongue of man
Commands the mighty soul.

Who can its malice tame?
Who can withstand its ire?
It dips into infernal flame,
And sets the world on fire.

Is such its sovereign sway
O'er all the human race?
Then grant, O, Lord, it ever may
Be snubbed or curbed by grace!

"Behold, also, the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth; even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things," JAMES III, 4, 5.

THE principle of steering was discovered at a very early period. Men were, doubtless, instructed in it by the broad hints of nature. The ease and facility with which the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea directed their courses through the heavens and waters, perhaps, suggested the idea of applying a similar power to boats. The art of ship-building was but in its infancy in the days of the apostle; yet it was a matter of admiration to him, that the ships, which were so large, and which were often driven by fierce winds, were so completely controlled by so small a thing as a helm. In the present day, vast improvements are making in shipping; and when we see our frigates and enormous three-deckers, surpassing in magnitude all that the ancients ever imagined, under weigh, it is still a matter of wonder that they are governed by such small helms. It is true that the principle is simple and of easy apprehension; and it is a notorious fact, that the stronger the wind, in a smooth sea, the greater command the rudder has, and the quicker the ship will answer her helm, if a corresponding power can be applied to the wheel or tiller. Yet, as simple as it is, when we see such mighty hulls, bearing such a cloud of canvas, and flying before such tremendous gales, and still kept to the point by a little rudder, we can not withhold our admiration.

The apostle James did not so strictly mark the works of art merely to gratify a vain curiosity; but, like his Lord and Master, he drew, from every thing around him, moral truths, which were calculated to stimulate himself and others to a life of practical holiness. The position assumed by James is a geometrical one: as

THE RUDDER : THE SHIP : : THE TONGUE : THE MAN.

I. Some of the most horrid, most heaven-daring, most God-provoking sins which are to be found on the black catalogue of human vices, flow from the tongue.

1. *Lying.* This is a most abhorrent crime, in the view of our holy God. Hence, he has declared that whosoever loveth or maketh a lie shall be excluded from the new and heavenly Jerusalem. Some people are rather too conscientious to make a lie; yet they will hear and read lies with a great deal of pleasure and complacency. But God so abhors falsehood that he consigns both the *maker* and the *lover* of a lie to the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. And this should astonish no one, when he reflects how necessary is truth to the happiness and well-being of human society. If all men should become habitual liars, what would be the consequences? All history would soon become vitiated. The next generation could have no correct information in regard to past ages; but universal incredulity would prevail. It would only be by dangerous or fatal experience that men could tell what is poisonous and what is nutritious. The merchant could put no

dependence on information received from foreign markets. Brother would utterly supplant brother. All the bands of society would be dissolved, and the peace of mankind destroyed. Then the man who is a common liar does all that he can do to bring about this state of things. It is only because others are more cautious than himself that we are saved from such wide-spread ruin; and he is just as guilty, in the sight of God, as he would be if all mankind were of the same stamp. But, as bad as this practice is, some are not ashamed to apologize for it under certain modifications. Some will say, "There is no harm in telling lies in jest; that is, white lies, which are not intended to injure any one in his character, person, or estate—falsehood by way of amusement." There are, perhaps, no lies more inexcusable. Men may be strongly tempted to lie, when, by so doing, they might secure some temporal good, or shield themselves from some threatening calamity; but to tell lies in jest is biting at the naked hook of the devil, without the stimulus of a bait; and it would be a sorry excuse to give in the great day, "Lord, we trampled on thy commandments for *our own sport*." And we might add, after long observation, we have never met with one who would lie for fun who would not lie *seriously*, if pushed.

Others will say, "This lying in sport is a small, dirty, and sometimes perplexing business. It must be a little mind that can stoop so low; but we have sometimes thought that there are circumstances which might justify us in telling a falsehood seri-

ously. If I could rescue the unfortunate or innocent, by departing from the truth, would not God regard my motive? Will not the end sanctify the means, so that the act may not only be justified, but highly approved by Heaven?" This is the old doctrine, "Let us do evil that good may come." The apostle gives a sufficient answer to this, when he says, "If my lie redounds to the glory of God, why am I then counted a sinner?" True; why has God condemned the *liar* as a sinner, if his falsehood brings glory to God? The Christian is not bound always to tell all the truth he knows, unless he is under the obligations of an oath. If his giving a direct answer to a pointed question would involve an innocent person in trouble, he has a right to evade that question. Our Lord has given us an example of this. When he overtook two of his disciples, after his crucifixion, and asked them what sorrowful communications they had by the way, they said, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, that thou knowest not the things which have lately taken place?" Now, our Lord knew very well what had taken place; but, instead of giving a direct answer, he said, "What things?" and this he did merely to draw them into deeper conversation. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." But, even were it otherwise, and were we obliged to tell all we know to every inquisitive fool, still we believe that no serious evil can finally result from the truth. A partial and temporary evil may seem to result from the disclosure of truth; but in the

great day of eternity, and in the restitution of all things, we are persuaded that it will appear that the truth has never wrought any serious damage to our world. It was a correct observation of a certain good man, that "he would not tell a willful lie to save the world." He justly argued, that if he willfully sinned, he would destroy himself; and what would he be profited if he should save the whole world and lose his own soul? Has not this evil been too prevalent in the Church? We do not wish to stand up as an accuser of the brethren; but is there not too much violation of promise? Do not professors very often give solemn promises and pledges, and yet, at the time and place, there is a complete failure? It is true that they will say that they have not willfully deceived—that they seriously intended to fulfill their promises at the time they were made; but some trivial circumstance—a slight headache, a little shower of rain, or the recollection of some previous arrangement—stepped in between them and the sanctity of their word, and they carelessly disappointed those who put all confidence in their promises. Now, is there not an immorality in this? In the first place, we should not promise at all, unless we have a fixed purpose of performing; and, in the second place, having promised, we should suffer nothing but uncontrollable circumstances to come in between us and the majesty of our word. The world, that knows nothing about our *ifs* and *ands*, and our mental reservations, will say, and with great appearance of truth, "They have lied." The day

of judgment only will reveal the extent of damage that has been done by such professors of religion.

2. *Cursing and swearing* are also to be numbered among the evil fruits of the tongue. Though men of all countries and languages are guilty of this, yet it is generally supposed that swearing is the prevailing sin of sailors; and, notwithstanding the enormity of this crime, there are those who will attempt an apology. When reproved, they will say, "Sir, I hope you do not think I swear or curse maliciously. If I did call on God to blast the eyes of my shipmate, I did not mean so. Were he struck blind by a flash of lightning, no one would regret it more than myself, and I would do all I could to help him. Such language is more the fruit of habit than any fixed wickedness of heart. Indeed, I often swear without being conscious of doing so."

We will admit that much of the swearing which we hear is habitual. We have seen some who were much addicted to profane language, who, nevertheless, seemed to be greatly shocked on hearing strange and novel oaths. We once sailed on a passage to America with a captain who was the most blasphemous character I ever knew. His temper was ungovernable at all times; but, in consequence of a succession of calms and head-winds, he became almost insane. He would walk the deck for hours, mouthing the heavens. Sometimes his mind would seem to be tortured in inventing new and unheard-of oaths. He made it a daily duty, at the close of every day, to shake his clinched fist at the setting

sun, and, with the most horrid imprecations, would dare him to rise again on a foul wind. Although the hands were accustomed to curse and swear in the common mode, they were shocked and astounded at his novel and strange profanity. A cloud of deep despondency rested on the crew, and they swore that they believed that the Almighty would never permit the ship to reach home with such an ungodly captain. Being but a boy, I merely ventured to say, "But do not you swear, too, and in the very act of condemning the captain?" The answer was, "We are in the habit of it—a bad habit, truly; but don't you see he swears *maliciously?*" Nothing is more certain than that men may be so accustomed to profane language as not to realize its sinfulness. But the question is, Is this a fair apology? Will you say that you have sinned against God so much, so repeatedly, that it has become habitual—quite natural and harmless? When you first began to take such liberties with the awful name of the Most High, did you do so without being conscious of the sin? O, no; you had many a hard conflict with your conscience before you silenced its batteries and took the weather-gauge. And this is the way in regard to every sin. Continual practice will make the most revolting crimes habitual.

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Some years since a man was hanged in one of our American cities for a certain murder. Under the

gallows, he confessed that he had killed seventeen people, and that he had become so habituated to the work, that he had murdered one who was an entire stranger to him, and against whom he had no malice; but, for the paltry consideration of five dollars, he had driven him into eternity, with all his unpardoned sins upon him. Yet he did not maliciously, but habitually, slay him! So is it with swearing. It is no apology to say it is habitual. It rather aggravates the crime a thousand-fold; and a holy God will damn sinners by scores and hundreds for being practiced blasphemers. It used to be a saying among officers, that they could not command their men without swearing. Indeed, we pity that officer whose resources are so slender. But this doctrine has been going down since religion has begun to diffuse its influence more widely on the high seas. It has been discovered that those officers who "*swear not at all*," and who will not tolerate the practice on board, are, without exception, the ablest commanders. It is a difficult task to reform a crew in this matter, and the man who succeeds in it gives ample testimony that he is an able captain. Such was Sir James Saumarez, a distinguished officer, who commanded a full-manned ship-of-war, and never suffered an oath on board, or a swearer to tarry in his sight.

But, we might ask, what good does it do for seamen to swear? Some sailors think that when they are about to tell an extra yarn, if they do not season it plentifully with oaths, it will not be believed.

But there is nothing so well calculated to cast a shade of suspicion around a tale, as vain swearing. When you spy a ship at sea, with her masts fished from head to heel, and a great many preventer-stays about it, do you not at once conclude that the masts are sprung, or, that there is something rotten within? Well; just so, when we hear a story well slushed with ugly words, and find a great many round turns and half-hitches about it, we can not help thinking it is a lie of the first magnitude, and there is no soundness in it. Hence, you hear people always call for *naked* truth—truth without tar or tackling. And it is a common saying, that "those who are not afraid to appeal to the awful God of heaven, on every trifling occasion, are not afraid to lie."

"To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

It is not brave; for, although some brave men have fallen into the disgusting practice, there are thousands equally brave who never swear; and, on the other hand, there are tens of thousands of the most cowardly wretches that the sun shines on, who assume such rough and boisterous language, to throw a counterfeit bravado around them.

It is not polite; for it makes the conversation of a man disagreeable to the wise and virtuous of both sexes; and, indeed, it disqualifies a person for polite and decent company.

It is not wise; because many of the senseless phrases, which are used by swearers, have no definite meaning accorded to them in our vocabulary. Some have acknowledged that they have slid into

the habit, on account of the poverty of their language. That is, they are often at a loss for words to express themselves; and where this is the case, rather than stammer, or falter, they supply the chasms with cursing and swearing. But why at a loss for words? is it because the English language is too meager? No; words are signs of our ideas. There are words in abundance; but the swearer, who acknowledges this dilemma, betrays the fact that he is *minus* in ideas: sufficient testimony this, that *he is not wise*.

But it may be asked, What harm does cursing and swearing do? It insults the Almighty, and all who love and admire him. It grapples the lightnings of heaven, and draws down eternal ruin on all who live and die in the unholy practice. What does God say of such? "As he loved cursing; so let it come unto him. As he delighted not in blessing; so let it be far from him. As he clothed himself [habitually] with cursing, like as with a garment; so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil in his bones. What shall be done with thee, O, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper." And yet, hear the blasphemous sinner call upon God to damn his own soul! Dost thou know, O, wretched man, what it is for a soul to be damned? The angels do not know. The unhappy lost do not know. They know that they are lost; but they are still looking forward for fiercer surges of wrath and indignation. None but God the Infinite can fathom eternal ruin; and it is because he does know the whole

amount of woe, that he does not load every squall with damnation, and answer your wicked prayer in every flash of lightning.

3. *False swearing, or perjury*, is another sin of the tongue. This has prevailed to an alarming extent among seamen. Officers have been guilty of this for pecuniary considerations, and have wiped their mouths and said, "Pshaw! a custom-house oath is nothing." Sailors before the mast, have deliberately perjured themselves to procure protections for their shipmates, or for fear of losing their wages. And because they have kissed their thumbs instead of the Bible, or muttered to themselves, "So help me Bob," or made use of some other mean stratagem, they suppose that they have shot far to windward of heaven. But let such skulkers know, that it is as much perjury to swear falsely in a custom-house, as it is to swear falsely in a church; and if they deceive the officer and obtain their end, God is not mocked; they are perjured, and have exposed themselves to eternal fire.

4. *A violation of the marriage vow*, is another grievous transgression. See that man, who arrives a stranger, in a strange port. He pays his addresses to some innocent, but simple girl; and without waiting to inquire into his circumstances, she consents to marry him. The honeymoon, as it is called, is hardly passed, before she finds that she is tied to a man who has another wife, and several children. He then gathers up his plunder, sails to other ports, marries again, and again, till he has a wife in almost

every port. And while he is thus scattering arrows, fire-brands, and death, he wipes his mouth and says, "I am in sport." But let us say, we believe, if there is one vault in hell, more intensely ignited with Divine wrath than another, it must be for that man, who tramples under foot the finest feelings of the heart, and makes a mock of this holy institution of God; for marriage was instituted in the time of man's innocence, and, therefore, is not to be entered into lightly, or irreverently, but in the fear of the Lord.

5. *Filthy communications.* What shameful lasciviousness is often heard in the conversation of wicked men! How often are forecastles disgraced, and turned into floating hells, by the filthy language of men, who glory in spouting out their own shame, in words which would make a dog blush, if he could comprehend their meaning: and all about lawless and loathsome prostitutes, who have stripped them of all their wages and rigging, to the last shirt—who have discharged them, as soon as the last shot in the locker is expended, and have driven them out to sea again, laden with a foul conscience and a shameful disease! Miserable sailors! you have spent your time and money, while on shore, in debauchery, reveling, and drunkenness, and have again put out, paying off, perhaps, your just debts under the fore-topsail. But now, even now, if, in your sober moments at sea, you would spend your time in mourning over errors past, and would seek the favor of God, you might be saved. But, alas! you love to

recount your shameful acts, in language too vile to be recorded. How disgraceful to a ship's company! How corrupting to boys and apprentices! And, O, how wicked in the estimation of that pure and holy Being, who has said, "Let no impure communication proceed from your lips!" And how well calculated is such a course to bring down the wrath of God, and sink ship and cargo, soul and body, into a bottomless hell!

6. *Tale-bearing, slander, quarreling, and abuse.* These are sins of the tongue. They are not only sinful in themselves, but often exercise their influence over the whole man. They set on fire the whole course of our corrupt nature. "The poison of asps is under the tongue." "It is a deadly evil, which no man can tame." The lion, the tiger, the shark,

"The fell hyena—fellest of the fell,"

might be tamed; but the unruly tongue "is set on fire of hell;" who can tame it? There is scarcely any thing more grievous to a noble mind, than to be obliged to bear the inflictions of an untrammeled tongue. It is said, a sailor on board a man-of-war, was, on a certain occasion, ordered to the gangway, to receive a flogging. While preparations were making, the commander began to give him a severe and irritating tongue-lashing. After enduring the scold for some time, poor Jack looked up very pitifully in his face and said, "Commodore, please your honor, if you are going to flog me, *flog me;* but if you are going to speech me, why *speech* me; but for mercy's sake, don't *speech* me and *flog* me both." There

was so much good sense in the expostulation, that the commodore smiled, and said, "Loose him, and let him go." There are, doubtless, some who, under similar circumstances, would prefer the flogging. But when a man abuses one who is his equal, whose hands are not tied, what then? It often ends in blows—in bloody deeds—in murder. We were once lying below Savannah; the captain had gone ashore; the men had been drinking freely; and presently their tongues began to move with great velocity; when, all at once, a fight began all over the ship, from the mate down to the steward and cook. The consequences were, black eyes and bloody noses; and, when the combat was over, no one on board could tell what began the affray. It seems that the devil, by getting the command of their tongues, a few moments, set them all to fighting for his own Satanic amusement.

II. But whence originates this great evil? It does not take its rise in the mere step of the tongue; for if that slender member were amputated, and pen, ink, and paper were given to the sinner, it would still be cursing, swearing, slander, abuse. The same spirit which once clothed the tongue with poison still reigns. The power of the helm is not inherent, but may rather be considered in the light of a reaction. The ship being forced through the water by the wind, creates a pressure of current on each side of the rudder. This enables the helmsman to make it act or react on the ship, and direct her in her course. So, while man is driven by the winds of corrupt

nature, and his own unsanctified will stands at the helm, it is not wonderful that his tongue should react, and set on fire his whole evil nature. So the tongue derives its deadly poison from the heart. Out of the heart proceed lying, cursing, slander, and every evil work and word. "The evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil." His tongue is an active agent in publishing his shame, and often drives him into the muddy waters of strife and contention. Indeed, all sins, whether of the tongue or other members, originate in the corruption of the human heart. This corruption is common to mankind. "Whence come wars and fighting amongst us? Come they not hence even of our lust?" Why is it that nation is lifting up sword against nation? and sometimes even the solitude of the ocean is interrupted by the dreadful roar of artillery, and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying seamen? Indeed, if you go down below, and search to the keel-stone of your own character, you will find that your heart is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things.

III. What remedy is there for the evil? We answer, it is to be found only in the REDEMPTION which is in Christ Jesus. The word redemption is often used, as a figure, to express the deliverance of the soul from sin; and, as there are several kinds of literal redemption, it becomes us to inquire what kind is most expressive of the sinner's salvation.

1. Literal captives have sometimes redeemed or delivered themselves. Of this we might present a

specimen, which fell in the compass of our own knowledge. While sailing in the north seas, an American merchantman was taken by a Danish privateer. She hastily threw a prize-master and crew on board, and ordered them into the first port. The Americans were not confined; and, as they had free intercourse with each other, the captain formed a plan to retake the vessel. He charged his men to be always ready, and that he would embrace the most favorable opportunity, and would give, as a signal, or watchword, "*The ship's our own.*" Hour after hour rolled by, and no fair opportunity seemed to present itself. At last the destined port hove in view. The ship was rapidly nearing the harbor. Orders were given to overhaul the cable, and clear the anchor. The American ensign was hoisted under their national flag. The Virginia captain bit his lips. He cast a feveirsh glance around, and saw his hearts of oak at their stations, and their indignant sky-lights fastened upon him. He could stand no more, but bellowed out, in a voice that echoed from stem to stern, "The ship's our own." Some of the Danes, having an imperfect knowledge of English, understood him to say, "The ship's aground!" and they reiterated in their own tongue, "The ship's aground! the ship's aground!" These were luckless words; for every Dane ran to look over the sides. The Americans had meditated a bloody rescue, and had stationed a hand at the carpenter's chest below to supply them with deadly tools. Not that they had any particular spite

against their foreign shipmates; but they were harrowed up by the thought of a dreary prison. But when they saw the enemy standing so handy to blue water, they concluded to give them the most honorable quietus that they supposed an honest tar could look for; so they tipped them over the sides, and gave them a launch, as they called it, into "Davy Jones's locker." A strong and active American, according to contract, gave the man at the helm a kind of lee-lurch and weather-roll, and sent him sprawling into the scuppers, dryly observing, that, as the ship had changed her papers, it was necessary to relieve the helm, and he believed he would take the first trick at the wheel. As he said this, he cocked his eye up to the mizzen-peak, where the national ensigns were taking a somerset extraordinary. Meantime, the captain spread himself, as large as life, on the quarter-deck, and once more cried out, with an untrammeled tongue, "Hard-a-lee, there! fore-sheet, foretop-bowline, jib, and stay-sail-sheet let go!" The saucy Eliza sprung at once into the wind's eye, and in the next moment was heard, "Maintop-sail haul! board tacks, and gather aft!" and, as she slued her spanker to the shore, the astonished natives, who had crowded to the beach to see the prize enter, beheld the bright stars and broad stripes of the United States flowing over the humbled bunting of Denmark; and you may well suppose that the crew was not slow in mustering aft, to give three cheers, and then to break loose, in their hearty manner, and sing in a style such

as only sailors understand, and which I wish it were possible my readers could hear and feel—

"Stretch her off, my brave boys; for it never shall be said
That the sons of America were ever yet afraid;
Stretch her off, my brave boys!"

The best of all is, we have no list of the killed and wounded to darken the incident; for this curious maneuver took place almost in the mouth of the harbor. The discharged crew, of course, took to their flippers, and the Eliza left them diving and floundering about, like a Dutch galiot in the Bay of Biscay. Here was an instance of captives redeeming themselves. But this is not our figure.

No power—no human ingenuity—can redeem a sinner. We are aware that this is saying a great deal; for what is it, beside this, that human ingenuity can not accomplish? See man, clothed with the amazing science of navigation, pushing off from the shores of his nativity, and, in a weak and fragile bark, standing out on the immense ocean; and, though sun, moon, and stars may not be seen for many days, yet he courageously wends his way over foaming billows, and under thundering clouds, to the distant port. His hand and prowess have lifted valleys and leveled mountains. Distance has contracted at his touch.

"The astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed
With daring keel before."

And the time is not far distant, when the east and the west shall be spliced together, and the Atlantic

and Pacific shall bend over our continent, and kiss each other. But still, there is a little sprite in man himself which he can not conquer. "The carnal mind is enmity to God; is not subject to his law; neither, indeed, can be." Therefore, "the tongue can no man tame." We have heard of man possessing certain powers, and being supplied with certain means by which he can wash his polluted soul; and multitudes upon multitudes have tried those washings and penances, pilgrimages and lacerations, witchcraft and holy water; but, in every instance, it has been a privateersman's wash—"*three stamps and a damn.*" The deeper we plunge into human lustrations, the more we stir the soundings, and the troubled pool always casts up mire and dirt. We can not redeem ourselves.

"No running brook, nor rill, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away."

2. Sometimes captives have been recovered by force. When a government has been robbed of its subjects, if that government can command a sufficient force, it will recover its citizens by the thunder of its arms. We are aware that some have applied this figure to the case in hand. They suppose that the whole work of the salvation of a sinner is compulsive; and many, under the influence of this faith, are resting in sinful inactivity, folding their hands, and saying that they are waiting for the day of God's power, when he will sweetly force them in. We fear that some will thus wait for the day of his power, and will never realize it till they feel it in

awful cataracts of hopeless ruin. The Lord will not force sinners into heaven.

3. Captives are sometimes redeemed by ransom—by a price. When a government can not recover its citizens by force, it will ransom them. We have an instance of this in the history of our own government. The United States frigate Philadelphia was stranded on the coast of Barbary, and was taken possession of by the enemy. Her officers and crew were taken into a state of bitter captivity. The American government put forth the strong arm of her power to recover them by force. A respectable squadron was sent into the Mediterranean, and the land and naval force made a considerable impression. It was on this occasion that Lieutenant Decatur—afterward Commodore Decatur—with a valiant boat's crew, boarded the captured frigate, cleared her decks of fifty of the Barbarians, and set her on fire, and then returned to his ship without the loss of a man. It is probable that, if the war had continued, our prisoners would have been recovered by force. But the successful affair of Decatur so increased the cruelty of the Tripolitans toward the prisoners, that it was thought best to redeem them by ransom. Now, this is the very kind of redemption which bears on our subject. "We are not our own; but we are bought with a *price*—even with the blood of Christ, as of a lamb, without spot or blemish." But is it asked, "To whom was this ransom paid? Was the precious blood of Christ poured out to the devil, who had carried us captive at his will?"

We answer, No. It is contrary to all sound theology to run figures to their extremities. For instance, Christ is called the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." This is to express his nobility; and particularly his great strength, as he only, among all the millions of heaven, was able to break the seals. But it would be doing violence to the figure, and injustice to our Lord, so to strain the type, as to argue that Christ was possessed of the ravenous and ugly qualities of a lion. He is also called a Lamb, in view of his innocence and atonement; but it would be wrong to carry out the figure, and ascribe to him the ignorance and cowardice of a lamb. So there are some things in a literal captivity which are analogous to the state of a sinner, and some things which are not. When men are carried captive from their country, it is done by violence, and without their consent. Hence, all governments feel bound to redeem them by all honorable means; yea, even by force if they can. But man was not carried captive by the devil, because God was unable, or unwilling to defend him. The captivity of the sinner was voluntary, on his part. As far as God was concerned, it was judicial. As man willingly broke his allegiance to heaven, the justice of God consigned him over to condemnation. And the blood of Christ was poured out to the immaculate justice of God, "so that he might be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus." So far, we speak of the general redemption of Christ. He has redeemed man from a state of condemnation, and brought him into a state of grace. If man is

now lost, it will not be because of the sin of our first parents, but because "*he believeth not.*" Hence, you find there is a distinction made, in the Scriptures, between *general* redemption, and *final* and *eternal* redemption. "He is the Savior of *all* men; but *especially* of them that *believe.*" Through the propitiation of Christ, the Holy Spirit begets within us good desires, and works with us when we have good desires. The yielding soul feels a godly sorrow on account of his sins. He grieves not so much on account of the consequences of sin, though they are truly appalling; but he is sorry, because he has sinned against a God who is so good—because so much of his precious time has been lost; yea, worse than lost. Under the influence of this sorrow, he mourns sore like a dove; he chatters like a swallow. He believes on, and feels a righteous hatred of sin. Yes, he hates sin, although he has not yet overcome it. He is often

> "Slain with the same unhappy dart,
> Which, ah, too oft! has pierced his heart."

But he hates his own ways, and is angry with himself for having grieved his Lord—for having grieved himself; and he prays, with Jabez, "Lord, keep me from sin, that it may not grieve me." His faith leads him to use the means of grace. He prays fervently—he offers up Christ and him crucified, as his morning, noon, and evening sacrifice. He says, "Lord, here am I: a poor, helpless, hell-deserving sinner; I can not turn one hair white or black; I can not add one cubit to my stature; here I lie, with all

my unpardoned sins upon me. But here is my argument; here is my sacrifice—my sin-offering—my Savior, who gave himself for me—my "Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world."

"'Tis all my hope, 'tis all my plea,
For me the Savior died."

And while thus engaged in all the fervor of prayer, his confidence brightens; power descends. He believes on, and in the strength of mighty grace, lays hold by faith, on the hope set before him, and God absolves him; for he has already declared, that whosoever believeth in Jesus hath the remission of sins. Whom the Lord justifies, he also regenerates. Regeneration is a change of heart—a new creation wrought within, by the power of the Holy Ghost. This sets the heart right; and, as a consequence, our acts become right—that is, intentionally right. Our ideas become right; and, as words are signs of our ideas, with pure thought will come pure words. And thus the Lord turns a pure language upon our tongues, even praises to the Lord.

The converted soul has his tongue tamed by divine grace. Hence, the apostle says, "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, [that is, professes much and is full of zeal,] and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain"—good for nothing. Again, he says, "He that bridleth his tongue, is able to bridle his whole body." This means, that nothing but divine grace can sanctify the tongue, and this grace can govern all our members—sanctify the whole man. It may also be admitted that good

Christians, through sudden temptation, might be led, like Moses, to speak unadvisedly with their lips; but none will be more sensible of the error than themselves. They will betake themselves to prayer and confession, and cry incessantly to God till he restores their peace.

Now, fellow-sinners, you who are heedless and high-minded, and who say, "Our tongues are our own; we will speak as we list; and who shall snub us?" will doubtless continue to steer wildly; but remember, there will be a reaction that will set on fire and burn as an oven in the day of God's wrath. And are you prepared for the conflict—"sharp arrows of the Mighty, with coals of juniper!" How much better would it be to begin to gather in your slack, by exercising repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ! But to those who sincerely desire relief at the helm, we present a bleeding Savior, who was full mighty to suffer—full good to redeem. His grace can bridle our ungodly tongues and control our souls and bodies, and preserve us to eternal life. O, what a blessed thing it would be if the tongue of every man, of every seaman, were corrected by grace! Then, instead of being found, in their watches, under the lee of the long-boat, telling foolish stories, and feeding their superstition with tales of ghosts and hobgoblins, they would be found telling their religious experience and singing praises to God. Then, instead of hearing the horrid sound of blasphemy mingling with the awful storm, we would hear the lovely sacrifice of

praise and thanksgiving, and the waves would become vocal with the high praises of God.

Unruffled by the breeze,
Beneath the cloudless sky,
The slumb'ring and transparent seas
Deceive the stranger's eye.

But when the winds conspire
To rouse the placid main,
The restless waves with dirt and mire
The angry surface stain;

While o'er the troubled lake
The foaming surges rise,
And from the shifting bottom shake
The soundings to the skies;

Just so the human face,
In tranquil moments, can,
With a deceitful, flattering grace,
Adorn the outward man.

But when corruption leads,
And angry passions storm,
Then sinful words and dismal deeds
The pleasing scene deform.

Look, O, thou bleeding Lamb,
On mortals thus opprest,
Convert the tempest to a calm,
And give the sinner rest!

SERMON VIII.

STORM OF GALILEE.

Oft have we thought on that frail bark,
That cleft the waves of Galilee;
When midnight tempests, fierce and dark,
Poured down their wrath upon the sea.

A precious cargo, trembling craft,
Was in thy narrow steerage stored!
The Lord himself reclined abaft,
With all the embryo church on board.

Was it a power malign, that woke
The foes of man, in air, on earth,
To sink, by one malicious stroke,
The hopeful Gospel, at its birth?

Or came that wild blast from above,—
That storm which none but Christ could lay—
That, wondering, we might trust, and love
The Man whom winds and seas obey?

Amazing Man, who, by a word,
Can chain the tempest to the sky!
The angry billows under-gird,
And dare the uplifted spray to fly!

And shall the winds and waves resign
Their foaming wreaths at Jesus' feet;
And heaven, and sea, in silence join,
To make the marv'lous calm complete?

And shall our proud, disloyal race,
Disown the Almighty's placid sway:
Be treacherous to the God of grace—
The God whom winds and seas obey?

"But the men marveled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the seas obey him?" MATTHEW VIII, 27.

IN reading the Scriptures, it is of great moment that we understand the circumstances under which they were originally delivered. In the progress of time, many words have become materially changed in their definition; and if we accord to them the sense which they convey in modern times, we will be sure to err. When the modern sailor reads in his Bible, that "the wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt," his mind is embarrassed. He looks back over all his voyages on the Atlantic, and other seas, and can find nothing in his experience analogous. He has never seen those immense bodies of water discolored with mire and dirt, even in the heaviest gales. He is tempted to believe, that, as the prophet is so entirely at fault in his figure, he can not be inspired by the God who made the seas, and who measured out the waters, as with the hollow of his hands. It is, then, of some consequence for us to know that the word seas generally means, in the Bible, the inland seas, or lakes, of Palestine. The Mediterranean was generally known among the Jews as the *great* sea. Now, those lakes, in calm and pleasant weather, were exceedingly clear; but when the storm was up, the waters became dark and turbid.

It is necessary, then, in the elucidation of our subject, to remember that the sea, on which Christ and his disciples had embarked, was a very *small*

sea—a lake. It is also necessary for us to have a right understanding of the ship in which they sailed. When we read of ships, we are apt to associate with the term, the idea of the heavy merchantman, at at least, of our day. This would lead us entirely astray in the present case. The art of ship-building was but in its infancy, in the time of our Lord's incarnation, and especially in nations which were not of a commercial order. Indeed, the word "*ship*," no farther back than the days of Columbus, meant much less than what it does now. In our school-boy days, we labored under a gross deception, in reading of the discovery of America. Columbus was presented to us as a great admiral, with an imposing squadron under his command, launching forth on the unmeasured waters of the west. The terms used, the almost insurmountable difficulties, and the expense incurred in fitting out his fleet, in connection with our modern view of things, induced us to suppose that his ships were tolerably adapted to such an important enterprise. But, by subsequent and close investigation, we have found that they were most miserable shallops. Some of them were entirely destitute of decks. Others had a kind of a locker in the bows, and a half-deck abaft; while all amidships was exposed. Only one or two in the fleet enjoyed the luxury of a deck, fore and aft; and although they kept well south, yet it seems to be a Divine mercy that they lived across the seas. If these were the best ships that commercial Spain could afford, at that time, to make discoveries in the

ends of the earth, what might we look for in more remote ages? We find, on one occasion, a ship that was under the control of the disciples, was so small that it was endangered by a heavy draught of fishes. It is very probable that the ship mentioned in our context, was nothing more than a fishing-smack. The sea was *small*, the ship was *small*, and the crew was *small*. The crew was not so small in regard to number: they were sufficient to man a merchantman of ordinary size, in our day. We mean, they were small, as it regards their knowledge of seamanship—they were fresh-water sailors; but still they were the sailors proper, of God's chosen nation. And this consideration ought to fill sailors, of all ages, with an abiding consolation. Our Savior commenced his mission on the sea-shore. He frequently preached on board the little ships of that day. He selected from the lakes his first ministers. This, doubtless, astonished the Jerusalem Church. Its dignitaries were ready to say, "If this were the true Messiah, would he not select his ministers from our schools, where we are training young men of noble families expressly for the ministry? But see, he is drawing his disciples from the seas." And if the Lord chose such instruments to commence the work, is it not reasonable to suppose that he will use, to a considerable extent, seamen, in shedding the latter-day glory over the earth? And who, with the grace of God, would be better qualified? Their daily business, their proper avocation, draws them to every clime. When, as a mass, they become deeply imbued with

the spirit of their Master, in every port they would fling out their bethel-flag on the winds; and the heathen would fall before the purity of their lives, and acknowledge the Lord in the midst of his golden candlesticks. We believe that the latter-day glory is not far off; we believe the night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

When the disciples, on a certain occasion, were in deep affliction, it is said, "And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, *walking on the sea.*" For several ages, the poor sailor has had it to say, "No man cares for my soul!" In large and splendid cities, on the sea-board—cities built up on the sweat, and tears, and blood, and dying groans of seamen—the merchant, who had fattened on their labor and their lives, would pass them by like the beasts of the field. But God is waking up an interest for them. Bethels are built, chaplains are sent, tracts are distributed, and Jesus is walking triumphantly on the seas, and lakes, and rivers, and saying to the disconsolate sailor, "Be not afraid; *it is I!*" Yes, the unchangeable pilot—the conqueror of stormy Galilee!

When we represent the sea, the ship, and the crew, as being *small*, we do not mean to show that the danger, humanly speaking, was small, or to detract from the miracle. On the contrary, these circumstances increased the danger, and consequently magnified the miracle. Any experienced sailor, who has traversed our western lakes, knows that, in extra storms, they are more dangerous than the open

ocean, where there is more ample searoom. The smallness of the vessel, in which the whole Christian Church had embarked, with our Savior, increased the danger, speaking after the manner of men; for we must remember, that while the works of men—ship-building, etc.—are susceptible of vast improvement, the works of God are the same in all ages. The storm that fell on the lake was, doubtless, as terrific, the lightning flashed as fierce, the thunder pealed as loud, and the wind swept as resistless, as in modern times. All hope of being saved was taken away.

Even the consideration of their having put out at the command of Christ, and their being exactly in the path of duty, did not seem to yield them that comfort which might have been expected. Just so it is, often, with Christians in our day. Sometimes when they engage in pious enterprises, evidently obeying the openings of divine Providence, if circumstances seem to be adverse—if Providence appears to frown, they are too apt to become discouraged, and to forget that they are in the way of duty. We might illustrate this by a simple fact. Some years since, the way was opened to establish a mission in Africa. As fast as we sent out our missionaries, they took the fevers of the country and died. Our Church, generally, became discouraged, and were ready to say, "The time—the set time to favor Africa, is not yet come; or, if it is come, the Lord will not send by us." But just then the pious and devoted Cox fell at his post. But, as he was surrounded

with weeping friends, he whispered with a faint, but firm voice, "Let a hundred missionaries fall, but let Africa be redeemed." The Church caught the watchword. It ran all along her decks, from stem to taffrail. The old ship Zion sprung her luff, and bounded on with increasing speed. Interior tribes and nations are now spreading out their hands, and exclaiming in tears, "O, send us the God-man, that he may show to us the way of salvation!" How appropriate is the language of the Christian poet, in all such cases:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

The disciples, however, in their deep distress, reposed some confidence in Christ, and, calling on him rather rudely, said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" How much was this like their fathers, who, in their distress, said to Moses, "Were there no graves in Egypt, that thou hast brought us out into the wilderness to perish?" The Savior arose, and looking, we fancy, mildly on the flashing clouds, and foaming surges, and wild misrule that raved around, he said, with all the majesty and dignity of a God, "Peace! be still!" In a moment the tempest fled, and the angry billows crouched at his feet, and there was a great calm. This was no

gradual cessation of the gale. In such a case, the troubled waves would have rolled for hours. But the Lord spake to the clouds and to the seas, in all their rage of tempest, and turned the storm itself into a fearful calm.

And the men marveled.

I. They marveled at the miracle: "The winds and the seas obey him." They, doubtless, felt that it was the greatest miracle that Christ ever wrought. With the Lord, one miracle can not be greater than another. The reason why the disciples marveled so greatly at this miracle, was because they were so deeply and personally interested in it. They had seen him open the eyes of the blind, and the blind marveled greatly; but they had never been blind; they had never experienced that state of loneliness and destitution. They had seen him raise the dead; but they had never been confined to the dampness of the grave. This miracle was for their own deliverance. They were hovering over the deeps of eternity, an inch-plank between them and death, when Christ, by a sudden subversion of the laws of nature, snatched them from a watery grave. Even so it is now; an individual will greatly marvel at some special deliverance which he has experienced, while others will hardly have patience to hear him tell it. Again: some will laud the mercy of God, because he has saved them through a dreadful storm; while others, who have had a fair passage, scarcely think of his mercy, though they have been the recipients of larger benevolence. Surely, it is more merciful and

benevolent to save us *from* a storm than to save us *in* a storm.

II. *They marveled at his character:* "Behold what manner of man is this!" And well they might wonder. True, he is a man—very man; yet is he unlike all other men who have been, or ever will be.

1. He was not defiled with original sin. He was not born in the sinful likeness of Adam. He was not of him by lineal descent. Our Savior himself asked the Jews why they called Christ the Son of David, when David says, in the book of Psalms, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit on my right hand until I make thine enemies my footstool." "If David called him Lord," said he, "how then is he his son?" It is true that his virgin mother was of the house of David; but the Holy Ghost came upon her, and the power of the Most High overshadowed her, and that holy One, who was born of her, was called the Son of God. As it regards all other men, they are conceived in sin and born in iniquity—

> "Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
> Corrupts his race, and taints us all."

2. He was clear of actual transgression. To this point we have the testimony of his friends—inspired friends. They say he was holy, pure, undefiled, and separate from sinners. He had done no violence; neither was any guile found in his mouth. Pontius Pilate entered into a strict examination of his character; and, although he would have been pleased to have found something in him worthy of death, according to the Roman law—for Pilate loved

popularity—yet he was compelled, by a sense of justice, to render a favorable verdict: "*I find no fault in this man.*" Yes; Christ is the only perfect example, as a man, that is given us in the Bible. True, there is mention made, in that blessed volume, of some of whom the world was not worthy. The Lord passes a high encomium on Moses, when he says, "He was meek above all men;" but Moses is not a safe exemplar, because he sinned in offending the Lord at the waters of Meribah, and God declared that he should not enter into Canaan. Again: *David* was said to be a man after God's own heart. This was his general character; but the Holy Spirit makes an exception in the case of Uriah. When we come down to the New Testament, who does not admire the frankness and zeal of Peter? Yet, on one occasion, he denied the Lord who bought him, and swore like a privateer's man, to convince the enemies of Christ that he knew not the man. It is of Christ only that it can be truly said, that "we find no fault in this man." He only is our pattern—our standard. The proper measure of a perfect man is the fullness of the stature of Christ Jesus in his faultless humanity. But where is the man, born of Adam, who has no actual sins—no personal and willful transgressions?

3. He is different from other men, inasmuch as he was not naturally subject to death. Death had no dominion over him. He was made according to the power of an endless life. He said himself, a little before his crucifixion, "No man taketh my life from

me. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again; and this power have I received from my Father." There was an extraordinary power necessary to separate his soul and body. The circumstances of his crucifixion coincide with this doctrine. When he had fulfilled all that was written of him, he cried out, with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost. It was not the feeble voice of human expiration; but he cried so loud that the Roman officer acknowledged him to be the Son of God. Some of our commentators have it, "He dismissed his spirit." All other men are subject to death. By one man's disobedience sin came into the world, and death by sin; and so death hath passed upon all men. And why? Because *all* have sinned. But Christ never sinned; therefore, it was necessary for him to receive power to lay down his life. Again: we might ask, how came it to pass that the criminals lived longer than Christ? They were sinking by natural exhaustion. Some lived on the cross for several days. The breaking of their legs was intended to hasten their death. It is also expressly said, that when the body of Christ was requested of Pilate, "he marveled if he were *already* dead." It was so unusual for one to die so soon by crucifixion, that Pilate sent for the centurion to assure himself of the fact before granting the request. Christ *dismissed* his spirit. As the cork is forced, by some foreign power, many a fathom below the surface of the deep, and, as soon as that force is removed, bounds, by its own buoyancy, to the light,

so did our blessed Redeemer force himself into the dark domains of death; and, on the glorious morning of the third day, he arose, in the strength and power of his own divinity, to a newness of life. It is true that the Jews, as far as their intention and malice were concerned, did slay the Lord of life and glory; but, as far as Christ was concerned, he did emphatically *give himself* for us. He offered up himself.

4. He was diverse from other men, because he was a God-man—a Divine personage. In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily. It is a sufficient evidence of his divinity, that the *"winds and the seas obey him;"* for when did the winds and the seas ever harken to the voice of a mere man? Men have been so presumptuous and impudent as to make the experiment, but have signally failed. The idiotic and inflated Xerxes, when heading an army sufficient to populate a new world, flew into a transport of passion, because a storm prevented him crossing an arm of the sea; and he ordered chains and fetters to be cast into the sea, and decreed that she should receive a severe flogging for crossing his great designs. But while his officers were executing the sentence, the sportive billows still clapped their foaming hands, as if in derision, and the laughing winds flirted the spoon-drift in his face.

Inspired men have performed miracles on water, in the name and by the command of God. When the Israelites were pursued by the Egyptians, and were hemmed in on every side, Moses, at the command of Heaven, stood on the shore of the Red

Sea, and calmed the tumult of the people, by saying, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God!" *The salvation of God.* But our Savior invoked no name: "*Peace, be still!*" and straight "air, sea, and ship were hushed at once."

Indeed, all insentient and unintelligent creation obey the Lord. The planets, in their courses and revolutions, instinctive animals, and winds and seas, fulfill his high designs. They not only do so by strict obedience to the general *laws of nature*, as some are pleased to say, who are too proud or too modest to make mention of the Lord, but they sometimes *miraculously* obey, by stepping aside from their ordinary course.

In the first miracle which our Lord wrought, we have a remarkable instance of prompt obedience in a senseless element. When his mother informed him that the wine had failed, he commanded the servants to fill the jars with water; and, as he told them to draw and bear to the governor of the feast, the limpid and tasteless water blushed into the most delicious wine. Here we must be allowed a digression. It is well known that dissipated characters, and those who are fond of their cups, exult greatly in the fact that our Lord exerted his almighty power in making wine. Let it be remembered that the wine which our Savior made was a pure article—the best wine, as the wedding guests aptly called it. It was the pure and unfermented juice of the grapes, which was esteemed, by the Jews, as the best kind of wine. This must be so, in the very nature of

things. God is perfect, and when he creates things he creates them perfect. At the close of the creation-week, he pronounced all that he had made "*good.*" No man supposes that there were old stumps or rotten trunks to be found in the forests. No man supposes that man and beast were infected with distempers. Such an idea would cast a reflection on the Almighty. Now, fermented or intoxicating liquor is in an imperfect state. Decomposition or corruption has begun. Men may arrest the liquor, in this state, to serve their lusts; but it is highly unreasonable to suppose that Christ made wine in this vitiated or spoiled state. In wine countries, great pains are taken to preserve the juice of the grape in its unadulterated state; and it is not only called wine, but, by sober people, the *best wine.* However, we bring this case to show how water obeys the Lord.

In another case our Lord was obeyed by a *fig tree.* One morning he saw a fig tree by the wayside. Its foliage was luxuriant and green, and Christ sought fruit on it, but found none. He knew, indeed, before he sought; but he made this an occasion to instruct his disciples, and to show them the power of faith. Finding no fruit, he said, "No man eat fruit of this tree, hereafter, forever and ever!" At this Divine command, given to the fig tree, in all the meridian of its verdure, it yielded up its vitality, root, trunk, and branches, and withered away.

Our Lord exercised a like control over the brute creation. When making his triumphant entry into

Jerusalem, his disciples brought him an ass. We are expressly told that it was an unbroken animal, on which no man had ever set. Although it was an exciting and tumultuous time, the whole multitude, going before and following after, clapping their hands, waving their branches, and crying, "Hosanna to the son of David, who cometh in the name of the Lord!" yet did this untamed, unbridled animal carefully carry our Savior through the convulsed city and shouting multitude—"*for the whole city was moved*"—even to the gates of the temple.

The fish that brought the tribute money to Peter, as well as the multitude that were afterward taken in the net, obeyed the Lord. Our text says that the "winds and the seas obeyed him."

III. There are several important doctrines which might be advantageously viewed in the light of our subject.

1. *The will of man.* We do not say the freedom of the will, although that erroneous expression, in theology, has been almost canonized by the consent of ages.

The reason why the planets, and all the heavenly bodies, and the winds obey the Lord, is because they are compelled by the sovereign power of God. He has established laws of attraction and repulsion, which they can not resist. Hence, they render an unceasing and strict obedience; they never err. If men were governed in this way, they, too, would render a faultless obedience, because all their thoughts and acts would be under the Divine

control. But, seeing that there are some men who *obey* God, and some who *obey him not*, we readily conclude that man is a free agent.

Those who take it for granted that there is a strict agreement between God's government in the province of nature and his rule in the kingdom of grace, are greatly in fault. They argue loosely, and irrespective of sound logic, who say, that because the Lord, in the exercise of his sovereignty, rains on one portion of the earth, and abandons another to drought, therefore, he pours the blessing of salvation on one man, and the fire of his wrath upon another. These two departments of God's work are entirely distinct in their character and destiny. The one is material and perishing, the other moral and immortal. It would be as contrary to the economy of Heaven, to govern man by force, as to govern the winds and the seas by the ten commandments. All the commandments, precepts, doctrines, promises, and threatenings, of the Bible, go on the supposition that man possesses the fearful power of choice, as far as is necessary to his salvation. It is true, the Lord does curb his will, and restrain his wrath, to subserve his own purposes.

2. In the light of our subject, we see the necessity of *the judgment day*. If we were governed as the winds and the seas, by irresistible power, there would be no propriety in our being called into judgment. If a preacher should go through the country, proclaiming that, on a certain day, the Lord would call to judgment the "*winds and seas*," and bring

them to an account for all the mischief they have done—for their wholesale murders and wanton destruction of property, would not the people generally regard him as a madman? What! sit in judgment on the senseless elements, for doing what they were compelled to do?

But when we preach that God has appointed a day in which he will sit in judgment on the human family, it recommends itself to every man's judgment and conscience, in the sight of God. All human legislation is founded on the supposition, that offenders could have done otherwise. The discipline of all Churches recognize this truth. And surely there is a necessity for a judgment to come. There are many deep-hidden crimes, which no human laws, civil or ecclesiastical, can reach. A man may secretly defraud the orphan of his rights, and that orphan suffer extraordinary evils through life, as a consequence; and yet the unpunished monster may even push into the sanctuary of the Lord, and put on "the livery of a saint, to serve the devil in." Yes, there must be a grand court of equity, where God himself will right all the wrongs that have been unjustly inflicted on the unfortunate.

3. *The doctrine of rewards* may be boldly asserted in the light of our subject. What rational man would think of rewarding, or inflicting punishment, on the winds and the waves? When the first steam-packet from Europe arrived in America, would it not have been ridiculously absurd for the citizens to have marched in procession, and put a crown upon

her prow, inviting her to a splendid entertainment, as a reward for having crossed the Atlantic on a new principle? We do not say that eternal Power could not force man into heaven. But in that case, would it bring any happiness to man, or glory to God? It might be said, "Ye are all here; but how came ye here?" and it might be answered—if souls thus cramped could answer—"because we could not help it." How different from this will it be, when the whole redeemed, free Church of Jesus Christ shall voluntarily and joyfully exclaim, "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, be glory, and honor, and dominion forever and ever! Amen."

The winds, the seas, the planets, and the brute creation, obey God; but in the midst of all this harmony of obedience, and concert of loyalty, the sinner—man, rebels against his God! It may be said, "Yes, but they are compelled to obey God." True, but there lies the *burning shame*. Man is the only creature on earth, who has the exalted privilege of obeying God with a glad heart, and with a willing mind; but, alas! he is the only one who rebels.

This is the more humbling, when we reflect that the sinner, by obeying God, and believing on him, with a heart to righteousness, would come under the influence of a power as divine as that which moves the planets, even the sweet power of grace, which is as coercive as the attributes of God, the plan of salvation, and the moral agency of man will admit of.

4. If the winds and the seas obey Christ, with what confidence may we address a throne of grace and mercy in storms and times of imminent danger! The most pleasant passage I ever had, was in a trip from New York to Orleans. The passengers were mostly religious; and we had prayers on board regularly, morning and night. On the Sabbath, we assembled in the steerage, read one of Wesley's sermons, and closed with devotional exercises. We had fair winds and smooth seas all the way, and made an extraordinarily short passage. Indeed, it seemed as if we had every thing which we asked for. Many have, in answer to prayer, been saved from shipwreck. We do not mean that God will always save his children from disasters, in answer to prayer. The Lord might choose to remove his people sometimes by storms, as well as by diseases.

> "A thousand ways has Providence
> To bring believers home."

But we should be resigned, if it be God's will, to gather our sea-weeds around us, and sink upon our coral-bed. In death's last struggle, let us remember that the winds and the seas must obey him; and that the hour is coming, in which he will command the mighty ocean to give up her dead. She will obey, and roll her millions to the shore.

There's not a thing beneath the concave sky,
The sparkling arch of earth's vast canopy,
But what is governed, or directed by
The unerring power of the Deity.

The twinkling stars, which in such beauty roll
Their blazing splendors o'er either pole,
And, with an anxious trembling, seem to guard
A slumbering hemisphere—a dreaming ward,
Are, by attractive and repulsive force,
Confined to one, perpetual, circling course:
Yet Heaven's established laws provide them room,
And world with world in contact can not come,
Or with a loose, digressive reel, invade
The smallest satellite that God has made.
The fowls of heaven their smallest duties eye—
Can raise their young—can teach them how to fly.
The ox his owner knows, and with him shares
The toil and produce of revolving years.
The heavens and seas in angry conflict meet;
Christ speaks! they crouch and fondle at his feet.
And shall proud man, who, through God's mercy, plies
The loftiest intellect beneath the skies—
Who bears Jehovah's likeness, and can will
To choose the good, and to reject the ill—
Shall he, alone, in wild rebellion rise,
And dare the God who rules the seas and skies?
No: let him rather bend his adverse will,
And calm his soul, when Jesus says, "BE STILL!"

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

Glory to thee, whose powerful word
  Bids the tempestuous winds arise;
Glory to thee, the sov'reign Lord
  Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies.

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
  And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
  And shout to meet the gathering storm.

What though the floods lift up their voice!
  Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They can not damp thy children's joys,
  Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to break the calm ye try—
The calm in the believer's breast.

Rage, while our faith the Savior tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;
But fall, when he shall say, "BE STILL!"

SERMON IX.

SOULWRECK.

DECEITFUL is the breeze,
And placid is the swell;
Strong is the current, smooth the seas,
That lead to death and hell.

We need not crowd our sail,
Nor labor to go wrong;
The wind and current will not fail
To drive our barks along.

But when we shape our course
For heaven's delightful shores,
We then begin to feel the force
Of wind and water foes.

Our nature's rapid stream
Augments its mighty force,
While all the powers of darkness seem
To stretch athwart our course.

Our stormy passions blow;
Our fairest prospects frown;
While winds aloft and waves below
Conspire to bear us down.

But we who do oppose
The tempest and the tide,
At last shall weather all our foes,
And every gale outride.

We'll soon the current leave,
And softer breezes find;
We'll all our stud-sail halyards reeve,
And scud before the wind.

The service of the Lord
Will then be our delight,
While Christ himself will come on board,
And Canaan heave in sight.

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck," 1 TIM. I, 19.

IT is a very easy thing for souls to travel to destruction. When a ship has the wind and current setting toward the place of her destination, it is quite easy sailing. She need not crowd much canvas; for, if every sail was furled, and she laid under bare poles, the wind and current would bear her along, so that, in process of time, she would reach her port. Thus it is with the wicked. They need not crowd sail, as though greedy of ruin. They need not heap up wrath against the day of wrath, by indulging in extraordinary crimes. If they only fold their arms, and lie upon their oars, and do nothing at all, they will drift swiftly down the current of human depravity to hell, as fast as all the deceitfulness of the devil can waft them along. It is a more difficult task to sail heavenward. When a ship has both the tide and wind in her teeth, she will have to brace sharp up and beat hard. The children of God have to stem the powerful tide of natural depravity. They have to fight and cut their passage through all the fleet of hell. Sometimes their nearest friends desert, and their enemies unite against them. Hence, our Savior says, "*Strive* to enter in," and, "The kingdom of heaven suffers *violence*, and the violent take it by *force*." A number of vessels may sail for the same port; and, although they may all work by the same rules, and use the same kind of instruments of navigation, yet the history of their respective voyages may be

widely different. One may enjoy a fair and uninterrupted breeze throughout the whole passage, and may meet with no disaster to darken the pages of her log-book. Another may be harassed with a succession of calms and light and variable winds. Another may drive through storms and calamities the most distressing, and arrive at last, almost a perfect wreck. Some may fall in with pirates and enemies, or be reduced almost to starvation, while others may make a voyage which will be equally checkered with prosperity and adversity. So it is with Christians. They all sail from the shores of depravity, laden with grace, and bound for glory. They all exercise evangelical repentance, and, through faith, receive the remission of sins. They are all washed and sanctified by the blood of the cross; enjoy the same sacraments; follow the same chart—the Holy Bible—use the same means of grace; and, although some may carry, as a private signal, the jack of Wesley, and some the jack of Calvin, yet, blessed be God! they all have the ensign of Christ nailed to the peak; and while they steer for the same harbor, the pennant of the merciful Jehovah waves over all. But, notwithstanding, before they arrive at the destined port, there will be a wonderful diversity in their experience. Some may run down the pleasant trade-winds of grace, while

> "Not a cloud may arise to darken the skies,
> Or hide, for a moment, the Lord from their eyes."

Others may have a passage of storms and temptations, or pine away in poverty and short allowance,

and reach home by the hardest struggle. Others, again, robbed and scathed by the sharks and pirates of hell, may come booming in, under storm-stay-sails, almost bereft of rigging, sails, and mast; but better enter heaven stripped and dismantled than to founder by the way! However diversified our experience may be, it is generally the case that, in a voyage to heaven, we may expect hard toiling at first. But as we grow in grace, and advance to windward, the current will seem to set weaker, because we will have more grace. Sometimes we will catch a favorable flaw, which will enable us to make a considerable stretch for the kingdom; and presently we will get the complete weather-guage, strike the wholesome line of holiness, and square our yards, and up helm for endless bliss. Then we will experience that "the service of the Lord is perfect freedom."

But, although the way to heaven may become thus delightful, we must observe there is danger of "shipwreck." So says our text.

I. Some of the common causes of shipwreck.

1. Vessels are sometimes lost at sea, in consequence of not taking in a sufficiency of ballast, or because the ballast is of a spurious character. We would have been cast away ourself once, on this account, if it had not been for the timely aid of a British man-of-war. We had taken in a kind of sand ballast, and, although it was damp, yet it seemed to be solid and compact. We had run a considerable distance on our voyage up the North

Sea, when we were overtaken by a gale. In the midst of the storm it was discovered that the sand had become, in a great measure, liquefied. It was truly awful, by the lights of our flickering lamps below, to see the muddy surges sweeping fore and aft, as if in horrid imitation of the tempest raging without. The captain stooped down and surveyed the sickening scene awhile, and my young heart trembled when I saw his firmness give way, the tears gush from his eyes, and heard him exclaim, in a subdued and humble tone, "God have mercy upon us!" We hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away. Happily a sloop-of-war came to our rescue, threw nearly all her crew on board, and, after a hard day's work, we succeeded in establishing shifting boards, and compressing the miry mass, so as to be able to reach the port. Ships have sometimes sailed with too little ballast, and have sailed well for a season; but, when suddenly and unexpectedly struck by a squall, they have capsized, and all on board have perished. So, many souls have started for heaven; but because they have carried too much sail for their ballast—too much zeal for their religion—they have been cast away. Perhaps we might more properly say, they had not too much zeal; for it is right to be "zealously affected in a good cause;" but they had not enough grace, enough humble, holy love, to ballast and stay their souls on God in perfect peace; or their religion was of a spurious, muddy character; and soon the world, the flesh, or the devil sprung a squall, and they, being naturally

crank or top-heavy, capsized, and were foundered. If a captain has not had an opportunity of procuring a sufficient supply of ballast, he may be blameless, although he may perish for want of it. But if professors of religion are cast away for want of grace, they can not be guiltless in the sight of God; for he has opened an inexhaustible fountain of mercy and grace on earth, and has exhorted us to come with boldness to a throne of grace, and find grace and mercy to answer in every time of need. If we perish in view of all God's mercies, who will hold us innocent?

2. Ships are sometimes lost through ignorance. The captain is ignorant either of the theory or practice of navigation, or of both. He assumes the command full of restlessness and conceit. He presses on in his erroneous course, crying peace and safety in his heart, till he suddenly—perhaps at the awful hour of midnight—strikes on some reef or unknown shore, and is lost or wrecked forever. Perhaps the most fruitful source of apostasy is ignorance. If our ignorance arises from circumstances over which we could have no control, the Lord will pity us, and perfect all that is wanting. But there are too many who are *willingly* ignorant. There are too many who despise knowledge, if they do not advocate the abhorrent doctrine, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." They forget that the Lord has commanded, "Add to your virtue *knowledge;*" "Grow in grace and in the *knowledge* of the Lord." The Christian should certainly be well

stored with all Biblical knowledge. The character of God, natural and moral; the purity of his law; the depravity of the human heart; the devices of Satan; the doctrines, the commandments, the precepts, the promises, and threatenings of the Almighty, are all clearly taught in the inspired volume. Again: the Christian should make himself acquainted with the notes and commentaries of pious and learned men, who, in consequence of their knowledge of the original languages, and manners and customs of the east, can sometimes throw a flood of light on passages of Scripture which otherwise might appear dark and mysterious to us. We will also be benefited by reading the lives, experience, and journals of pious men and holy women, who have gone before us. When expeditions for discovery are fitted out, and ships are about to navigate strange seas, how careful are all on board to furnish themselves with the travels and voyages of those who have gone before them! Sometimes, by this means, they are enabled to take warning, and escape many blunders and even fatal errors. How many have been made cautious and provident by the fate of the unfortunate Cook, and have saved themselves from a cruel massacre! We are assured, from heaven, that no temptation shall overtake us but what has been common with the children of God. Therefore, it is highly edifying to trace their voyage through life, and follow them as they have followed Christ. The above knowledge we hold to be absolutely necessary to make good headway. But again: it is the *privilege*

of saints to study all kinds of useful and virtuous knowledge. The arts and sciences have been concocted by divine Wisdom, in the council of the adorable Trinity, and are intended for the study of mankind; and, if so, especially for Christians; for all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, life or death—all are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's. So, where time and opportunity may admit, the door of knowledge stands wide open, day and night. There are some, however, who hate wisdom, and neglect to fortify themselves even with theological information, and presently they fall in with some pirate of hell, some smooth-tongued sinner, or some worthless pamphlet that has been silenced and forgotten long since by intelligent men, and the poor, electrified ignoramus is scuttled on the spot, destroyed, and sunk forever.

3. Some are cast away by neglecting to watch, or to keep a bright look-out. It is common, on board our merchantmen, to have the crew divided into two watches—the starboard and larboard. One watch remains on deck for four consecutive hours, to work the vessel, while the other watch is permitted to sleep below; and so alternately. It is the business of the officer who has charge, to caution the watch to keep a bright look-out. Sometimes this is neglected. The watch becomes careless; especially under fair skies and in smooth seas. The men huddle under the lee of the long-boat, and begin to tell stories and sing old songs; or, having spun their yarns, they pile together, with their heads under

their wings, and begin to make the land of Nod; and it sometimes happens—perhaps in the dark and solemn mid-watch—that the ship strikes on some iron-bound coast, or runs foul of some other sail, and is wrecked into a thousand pieces.

Christ especially commands his men to "*watch*." "Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation; and what I say to you, [my apostles,] I say unto all, [all my people, throughout all ages,] watch!" There are good reasons why we should watch. We have enemies to watch against—pirates. We have to watch against the allurements of the world—a wicked and a deceitful world—a world that will promise more in one hour than she will fulfill in an age. She will point you to vain, and idle, and sinful amusements, and would persuade you that they can satisfy an immortal soul. And should you take her at her word, and

> "Could you stretch your arms like seas,
> And grasp in all the shore,"

you would still be a miserable and damned spirit; for Jesus has said, "What is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We have to watch, also, against the temptations of the flesh—an enemy more formidable than the world, because we are more closely connected with it. The brightest saints and apostles in glory had once to watch this enemy. Paul says, "I strive to keep my body under, lest, after having preached to others, I myself might become a castaway." If such strict vigilance was necessary in the green tree—in the

pristine days of Christianity, and under circumstances of heavenly inspiration—how much more necessary now, in these degenerate times! Brethren, watch against this insidious foe—an enemy who may sometimes meet you, arrayed in all the charms of beauty—in all the glow of apparent innocence.

> "But be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
> Beneath those beauteous smiles, belying heaven,
> Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death."

We do not say, fight; for, in the estimation of an inspired apostle, retreat here is glorious victory; for he says, "*Flee* youthful lusts that war against the soul." We have to watch against the devil—an enemy who may meet you at all times and in all places. He will pursue you even to the very altar of God; for when the sons of God came together, on a certain occasion, Satan came, also, among them. To throw you off your guard here, some of his human agents will undertake to persuade you that he is only an imaginary character. They will say persons all over the world complain of his temptation at one and the same time; and this can not be, unless we clothe him with omnipresence, and make him equal with God. Remember that omnipresence is by no means necessary to effect this. A being might be possessed of power sufficient to influence all this fallen world at once, and yet come far short of omnipresence. He might still have no influence in other worlds, in the other planets, in heaven, in incomprehensible infinitude. The Lord has allowed himself, if we might so speak, a wide latitude in his

creative energy. How vast the knowledge and how extensive the influence of an intelligent man, in comparison with the almost invisible insect that floats in the air! Well, there may be as wide a chasm between men and angels. And when we reflect how wide has been the influence of one man for good—we may say, for instance, St. Paul—and, on the other hand, how extensively ruinous the efforts of a Voltaire, we may well conclude that our Creator can form a being so stupendous in his powers as to influence continually a rebellious world. We think this power is ascribed to the devil in the sacred Scriptures. He is called the "prince of the *power* of the air;" and he sheds this power abroad among the children of obedience. But, in addition to all this, he is surrounded by fallen angels:

> "They swarm the air; they darken heaven;
> They rule the world below."

Now, there are great enemies; but we have the assurance that greater is He who is for us than all who are against us; and God has promised to give us grace, by which we may ward off all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and come off more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us.

But, on shipboard, they not only look out for enemies, but they have to watch their own craft, to see that all is right on deck and aloft, to watch the wind and sails, and be ready to make or take in, as the word may be. So the Christian should watch over his own corruptions, and, by divine grace, keep the issues of his heart, and be guarded in his words

and thoughts. "So shall he to his ways take heed in all he says or does."

Sailors also look out or watch for land. Christians can not reach the celestial harbor without passing through the straits of death. So they should watch for this event always. Sailors scarcely ever look out for the port till their reckoning requires it. But the Christian dares make no reckoning as it regards the end of his voyage. "Ye know not," said our Savior, "when the time is; therefore, [for that reason,] *watch*, lest, coming suddenly, I find you sleeping." Alas! how many, by neglecting the duty of watching, have been run down by their enemies, and have been irrecoverably lost! Watch, men—watch!

4. Ships have been wrecked by their commanders following too implicitly the example of others. For instance: the Harlequin, a sloop-of-war, standing down the English channel, with a fleet of merchantmen under convoy, supposing she had reached a certain point, began to bear away. It was a dark, foggy night, and about four o'clock she struck, and made one of the most distressing shipwrecks that had ever taken place on the coast. Vessel after vessel came booming on the rocks, while the thundering of parting bolts and crushed timbers, together with the screams and shrieks of drowning men, roused the country round; and the astounded crowd that lined the beach could only spread their supplicating hands above the surf, and echo to their grief. If some of the captains had been governed by their

own judgments, and had taken counsel of their fears, they might have been saved. But, "O, it was the Harlequin, his Majesty's sloop-of-war, a government vessel, well supplied with naval officers, whose home was on the channel." So, away they flew, with flowing sheets, to their destruction. Some of the dullest sailors, being warned by signal lights and minute-guns, escaped the ruin. In the same way some precious souls are wrecked, by leaning on an arm of flesh. "The captain is a wise and good man," says one; "surely there is safety in keeping in his wake!" "The mate is a professor, and very pious, and he does thus and so. It is true these things do not sit very easy on my conscience; but that may be for want of more light in the binnacle. In the mean time, there will be safety in following him." But let us remember that knowledge is one thing and piety is another; and many, who have known a great deal, have, nevertheless, foundered, and, in their expiring moments, have thrown out many signals of distress, and fired their last minute-guns, to warn others of the rocks on which they have split. Let us follow others, then, only as they have followed Christ.

5. Some have, doubtless, perished at sea with starvation. Some have a propensity to go to sea too short of provision, and one-half of the time have their hands on allowance. It is no marvel, then, that sometimes, by a succession of long calms, or head-winds, or other disasters, they are reduced to short allowance. We knew a captain who was taken

off a wreck, who had been seventeen days without bread and water, and the most of his crew had perished with starvation. Such a state of things might be the fault of the captain, or might not. But if Christians starve to death on their voyage, it will be their own fault. It is their own business to see that they have ample provision; a good supply of the bread and water of life; the hidden manna; the love of God. A captain may fall short, and be blameless. He may not be able to procure a sufficiency of bread in the port which he leaves. His water-casks may be washed away, or stove by stress of weather. But there is a rich and blood-besprinkled throne of grace, to which the Christian may come, and daily draw his rations from above; and he may as well ask for much as little; for the Captain has said, "Ask largely, that your joy may be full." The Lord has never yet put his people on short allowance, and never will. But too many are straitened in their own bowels; half starved; ready to perish in the midst of Gospel plenty.

6. A ship might be lost by putting away a good pilot. Before the invention of the compass, vessels carried a pilot throughout the voyage. The place that was imperfectly supplied by such an officer, is now occupied by the compass; and what the ancient pilot was and modern compass is to a vessel, conscience is to the man. Some passages in Scripture are clothed altogether in technical or figurative language; especially where the terms are of common parlance, and the application easy; as, for instance:

"A little leaven leavens the whole lump." Other passages are only partially figurative, lest the sense might be obscured, instead of elucidated. This is the case with our text. We believe, if the apostle had thrown it altogether into technical terms, it would have been, "Holding on to the course, and a good pilot, which some having put away, have, through error in course, made shipwreck." We do not intimate that this would have improved Paul's language. On the contrary, it would have obscured the sense. Very few would have gone to the pains of studying out that the Christian's course is the way of *faith*, and that his surest pilot is a rightly-instructed *conscience*. To be conformed to the improvements of the age, we will fasten on the compass as our figure. A good compass is one that has its needle well charged with the magnetic influence. If it is properly poised, and can revolve freely, it will not fail to be a faithful monitor, or guide, to the mariner, as it respects his course. A good conscience is one that is purged from dead works, by the blood of Christ, regulated by the word of God, and deeply imbued with the spirit of divine grace. There are several ways in which a good compass may be injured, and virtually put away. When certain metals are either designedly or accidentally secreted about the binnacle, they will have their influence on the needle, and direct it from its natural point of attraction.

So a good conscience may be seriously injured by unholy attractions. It may be warped from its

fidelity, by the influence of the world, the flesh, and the devil, as we labored to show in our remarks on *watching*. And again: "a man is tempted when he is drawn aside of *his own lusts* and *enticed*." It would not be too much to say here, that even *literal* metal sometimes spoils the conscience, especially *gold* and *silver;* for many a poor soul has followed a rolling dollar to the very hatchway of hell. And we are told by the inspired, that those who *will be* rich, involve themselves in a snare, and in "hurtful and deceitful lusts, that drown men in perdition." Take care! take care, men! Put your shiners in their proper locker, and let them not lie between your conscience and that sacred light of life which has been kindled in your binnacle. When the needle is attracted, it has no power of resistance; for God has made it so. But when man, an intelligent being, is tempted, he can resist. And God has promised that he shall not be tempted more than he is able; and in every temptation he will open a way for his escape. Again: a captain might put away a good compass, effectually, by throwing it overboard. And some Christians have done this very thing with a good conscience. They had a good conscience, and yet, with the light of the Gospel in their hands, they have smothered the voice of God within, and have coolly and deliberately made shipwreck of their souls.

II. What is a shipwreck—a soulwreck? We have never been shipwrecked ourself. We have, however, been several times in great danger of being cast

away. Once, when making the harbor of Cadiz, we were suddenly struck by a levanter. At its first salute, it swept our square mainsail out of its bolt-ropes, like a parchment scroll, and we found ourselves in a dreadful predicament, and were threatened with all the horrors of a lee-shore. We were told, subsequently, by the inhabitants on shore, that it was the heaviest blow that had been on that coast for twenty years. You may judge of its violence, when we add, that seventeen vessels, which were in the harbor, dragged their anchors, and went ashore; and a man-of-war was driven from her moorings, with seven anchors out. The people in port saw us in the offing, struggling in the tempest, and adjudged us to inevitable destruction. Our ship was strong, sails and rigging new; but to this day it seems like a miracle that we could carry sail at all. Yet we did carry a sufficiency to beat, though our leeway was appalling. In the midst of our distress, night—dark, moonless, starless night—closed around us. It is true, we carried sail by the minute, expecting every moment the spars or sails to go. The captain said he could not, and would not shorten more. He ordered the carpenter to have his ax ready; "for," said he, "as soon as a yard snaps, or a sail goes, we will cut away the masts, and let her go. Yes, let her go on an iron-bound coast, where there is no hope of being saved." Never shall I forget that night. We had to 'bout ship every hour, still nearing the land with fearful rapidity every tack. We would stand in, till we could see the foaming surf,

that lashed the rocky shore, piled to the clouds like drifted snow; while its heart-sickening roar rose superior to all the howlings of the tempest. O, the deep solemnity that overshadowed the crew! the painful anxiety with which we watched the sails! The occasional creaking of a spar, the rattling of a block, would sweep tremulously over our nerves like a death-knell. And, indeed, it did seem as if the bitterness of shipwreck was almost passed. We seemed to suffer all but the hasty finale which commonly closes the scene. When all hope of weathering the land was clean gone, it pleased almighty God, by a sudden shift, to lay the tempest itself suddenly on the other tack, and with flowing sheets, and merry hearts, we put out to sea.

Some *have been* wrecked; but, through the mercy of God, all hands have reached shore, and they have had their lives for a prey. Others have been wrecked and *drowned;* but even here we have hope, that some in their deep distress called upon the name of the Lord, and were saved with an everlasting salvation. But, O, the shipwreck of an immortal soul!

When a vessel is wrecked, there is generally an entire breaking up—a separation of parts. But the soul is a spiritual unit—the breath of the Almighty—immortal and indissoluble. It can not be annihilated. How, then, is it wrecked? Its powers of perception and appreciation are not destroyed. It is true, the earthly organs, through which the soul has acted, are dissolved; but its power of discernment is not impaired; perhaps greatly enhanced. A man who

is in the cabin, may look through the window and have a view, a partial view, of the seas and heavens; but should he come on deck, or ascend into the cross-trees, he can with one sweep take in half of the horizon. So we suppose it is with the soul. In these earthly hulls, it has some perception of outward things, as they are seen through the eyes—the narrow and contracted windows of the mind. But when the spirit is dislodged, it is one bulb of feeling, vision, hearing, perception. As it regards what will be its mode of operation, we say not, because we know not. But it will certainly possess powers of comprehension equal, if not superior, to those which we now enjoy. Such powers are ascribed to God himself, although a pure and unmixed spirit. They are not only ascribed to him in the Scriptures, but sustained by the most resistless arguments. The prophet reasons, "He that *planted the eye, can not he see?*" True: could he make such a delicate organ, and so arrange the nerves to give vision to man, unless he possessed the same power, and was perfectly acquainted with the whole science of optics? Suppose we should show you, in a gallery of paintings, a well-finished portrait; its countenance beams with animation, and its highly-finished eyes seem to sparkle with life and intelligence; and suppose we were to say, that the most remarkable circumstance connected with it is, that it was drawn by a young man who was blind from his birth: could you believe that yarn? If a blind man, then, can not imitate an eye, how could God make a living one, unless he can see?

"He that made the ear, [so as to convey sounds to the soul by the auditory nerves,] can not *he* hear?"

The damned soul, then, still retains its essential powers; but it is wrecked in the *enjoyment* of them. The lost sees; but he is no more delighted with lovely landscapes, lascivious representations, sparkling glasses, and scenes of merriment and dissipation. He sees! The rich man saw—saw brighter than he ever saw in this world. He saw across the great and impassable gulf, which stretches between heaven and hell; and we can imagine no two points more distant from each other. "He saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom." The lost soul can hear; but what does he hear? the merriment and revelry, the swearing and blasphemy, the music and lascivious songs, which once delighted his ears? No; but he hears the ceaseless thunders and explosions of hell, the shrieking of damned souls, the howlings of infuriated devils, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The rich man heard. He heard Abraham, across the great gulf, saying, "Son, thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things, and Lazarus his evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." The rich man felt; he felt most exquisitely; he exclaimed in his bitter anguish, "O, father Abraham, I am *tormented* in this flame!" A total wreck of all enjoyment! O, draw nigh, all ye that pass by, and see if there was ever any sorrow like this sorrow—any wreck like this awful soulwreck! See! see! the whirling billows of fire and brimstone, crowded with immortal souls; and every time they

rise above the fiery surge, they yell, methinks, with a voice that shakes the remotest caverns of damnation. "O, eternity! eternity! who can tell the length of an endless eternity?"

"O, wretched state of deep despair!
To see their God remove,
And place their doleful station where
They can not taste his love."

But here the devil's minister comes along with his master's old favorite text, "*Thou shalt not surely die.*" And he says to the humble Christian, "Why, brother, could you find it in your heart to damn a poor soul? Look around; pick out your worst enemy; and then I will ask you, could you send him, for one day, into such a place as they say hell is?" Mind, "*they say.*" He means Christ, his apostles, and all evangelical ministers. He is not quite as open as his master. He said, "*Has the Lord God said?*" and then proceeded with a flat contradiction. The Christian ingenuously answers, as he should do, "I would damn no one; but pray for all—friends and enemies." "Then," says the Universalist, "you pretend to be better than God; for you say God will damn all impenitent sinners." But avast heaving, Mr. Universalist; and now do you come up to the catechism. Do you see that homeward-bound ship, dancing into port? She has passed through many a storm; but she is now nearing the land. She is crowded with passengers—men, women, and children. In the prospect of a safe and happy arrival, their hearts are bounding with joy. Who can describe the bright prospects and pleasing anticipations

that are looming before them! Well, sir, could you find it in your heart to scuttle that vessel, if you had it in your power, and sink such an amount of human happiness? Say: speak out. "Why, no; I could not sink those men, women, and children." Well, the Lord does, almost every month, destroy vessels under just such circumstances; but does it argue that you are better than God?

The truth is, man is no God. He can not see, as God sees, the sinfulness of sin, or the wide-spread ruin that it would work, if permitted to rage with unbridled power. If man was as holy as God is holy—as just, as merciful, as wise, as omnipotent, as good as he, man would do exactly as God has done. We are vile sinners ourselves, and it is not surprising that, in a strong case, human sympathy should reign predominant. We could not expect a court, that was made up of smugglers, robbers, and pickpockets, would condemn a pirate as quick as a more virtuous court would. The great question is, has the Lord God said, that the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment? If so, we can not honor him, by exalting his mercy at the expense of his veracity.

The soul is wrecked in all its false hopes. In this life, the sinner builds on many false hopes. He says the denunciations in the Bible are only figurative, and refer merely to the ills of this life. Some of the most moral predicate their hope of salvation on their own goodness, which is an evident token of their great spiritual blindness. Others brace

themselves up with false doctrines, and hope there is no hell; or, if there is, it is only a place of transient discipline, to prepare them for the endless enjoyment of heaven. But, in that dread day, when they shall see the Ancient of days, high and lifted up, and his glorious train filling the temple of heaven, and when they shall hear him say, "Depart, ye cursed, into *everlasting* fire," there will be no more quibbling and disputing about that plain phrase, *everlasting*. Every false hope will fly like spoon-drift. Their false keels will be knocked off. All their gingerbread work will go by the board, and a horrid and eternal shipwreck will be their everlasting portion. O, sinner, do you know that you are the very man who is even now, every moment, exposed to this endless maelstrom?

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, you stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Will land you in that heavenly place,
Or shut you up in hell!"

III. But, thank God! there is no necessity of a soulwreck. It is the will of our heavenly Father that we should weather every foe, and get safely into port. To enable us to do this, he has given us an infallible chart—the precious Bible. Are we in danger of falling short of provision and small stores, it directs us where to put in, and get bread and water, "wine and milk," Gospel grace, "without money and without price." Does the storm come down upon us too heavy for our frail barks, it

teaches us where we may scud away for safety, and find "a hiding-place from the wind—a covert from the tempest." He has sent his Holy Spirit to sprinkle and breathe upon our sails—to sanctify and inspire all the ransomed powers of our minds. With all his divine aid, it will be an unpardonable fault of ours if we are not properly ballasted with divine love. Let us watch and pray. Let us grow in grace and in the *knowledge* of God. Let us not give chase to every strange sail, however large they may loom, but hold on to our course, and mind our own reckoning—follow none, but such as stand up to the law and the testimony. Let us look well to our compass, and keep our lamps well trimmed, bright, and burning. "And if we do these things we shall never fall;" for God has promised that an entrance shall be abundantly ministered to us into the everlasting kingdom of his dear Son. An *abundant entrance!* It implies that we shall not want for a fair wind and good pilot; for a ship about to enter a strange port would be greatly straitened by a foul wind; especially when without a pilot. An *abundant entrance* implies that every bar shall be removed. Yes; the devil will not be permitted to run a *chevaux de frieze* athwart your cutwater-way. A *free entrance!* No hinderance by blockade, duties, or quarantine. In some Spanish harbors we have to ride quarantine for forty days, and then submit to many superstitious rites and ceremonies, before we can step ashore. Yes; and the old, idolatrous Church of Rome speaks of a kind of quarantine ground, or

purgatory, where its best members must ride for a season, before they enter heaven. But when Martin Luther examined the old chart, and explored all the coast betwixt heaven and hell, he found no lazaretto there. We will enter freely—enter largely. If we have an *abundant administration*, of course we will find a wide berth—good moorings—otherwise we would be straitened in our arrival. O, methinks I see the happy soul nearing the heavenly shore! Light ho! light ho! See the hallowed star of Bethlehem shedding its bright pathway athwart the gloomy gulf! "Steady, boy; steady!" But what pellucid stream is this that gushes forth to meet the ransomed one? It is the river of life that issues from beneath the throne. Behold the bending trees on either side, and the myriads of happy ones that crowd its sacred banks! Hear, O, hear the apples of glory rolling on deck, as she scrapes along the boughs of the tree of life! And now the city of saints heaves in view. O, the ineffable brightness that pours through all the wide-spread gates of the new and heavenly Jerusalem! "Overhaul your cable, and stand by the shank-painter!" and still the ministering spirits warp her on—warp her on! "Brush up your long-togs and Sunday-go-shores!" Fly wide—fly wide, ye everlasting docks, and let an heir of heaven in! Nigher and nigher! Right up to the pier-head of endless glory! Chock block and belay! Glory be to God! made fast for a full due, where not a spray of trouble will stain her spotless decks forever and ever! There is, however, some

difference between the saints reaching heaven and sailors coming into port. When homeward bound, the seamen, and passengers, too, anticipate more than they ever realize; so that it has become a common saying, "There is more pleasure in the prospection than in the possession." As they draw near home, the excitement becomes more and more intense; but the moment they touch the shore the intoxication is over. There is a sudden falling off. The sober hue of reality falls on every object, and the sailor almost sighs for the wheel of time to roll back, that he may quaff the delicious cup of anticipation over again. It is not so with the saint in light. His anticipations are more than realized; for eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive of that glory that is laid up for the faithful. Here we think, sometimes, that our preachers are too florid, too metaphorical, too free, if not presumptuous, in speaking of the joys of heaven. But once there, and we will look back and wonder that their highest strains of eloquence were so mean, so meager, so beggarly; and we will, doubtless, exclaim, with the queen of the south, "Behold, the half of it was not told us!" St. Paul, in describing this glory, calls it a "*weight* of glory," to show that it is no ghostly or moonbeam enjoyment, but that it is solid and substantial. Still not satisfied with this, he calls it "an *eternal weight*." Did ever the world hear before of an eternal weight? We have some idea of hundreds and tons, however much they may be multiplied;

but an *eternal weight!* Still not satisfied, he calls it "a *far more exceeding* and eternal weight of glory!" And yet, when this same Paul was caught up into the third heavens, and permitted to look into the harbor, he declares that he saw sights and heard words that it is not lawful for a man to utter. He does not say that he was forbidden; but the laws of language and of human interchange of thought were not sufficient for such a communication. How happy the soul that will enter into this glory! As the mariner, who has made his escape to shore, looks back, with a peculiar interest, to the dangers through which he has passed, so the once tempest-beaten soul will look back at the storms and conflicts of this life, and exclaim, "Saved! saved! To God be all the glory! Saved with an everlasting salvation! O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

REFLECTIONS.

1. All who live and die in sin *must* be wrecked. There is but one point in all the moral horizon that will lead to heaven, and that is the cardinal point of faith. It is not sufficient that a man cherish this grace or that grace, this virtue or that virtue: "Through faith ye are saved."

> "The way the holy prophet went—
> The road that leads from banishment."

On the other hand, every other point leads to ruin—to shipwreck. A man may be an abandoned drunkard, and mankind may charge him with no other

crime; but if he holds on to his course, it will end in shipwreck. Another may despise drunkenness, and yet blaspheme his Maker. He is bound for hell. Another may avoid all this, but pursue some other course equally offensive to God, and equally ruinous to his own soul. Indeed, our natural corruption alone is sufficient to sink us down to eternal despair; and he who "believeth not" will be shipwrecked. We have not, however, pursued this at large, because our text is silent in regard to the finally impenitent, and it speaks only in reference to the people of God, which leads us to say,

2. That while the unbeliever *must* be shipwrecked, the Christian *may* be. In our context the apostle tells us that some had put away a good conscience, and concerning faith had made shipwreck. Yes; he even mentions names. Of this number, or "of whom, is Hymeneus and Alexander." This statement itself will not be questioned. Those who may not like it may undertake to explain it away, by saying that their faith was not evangelical, and that their conscience was not good. But then there is an insurmountable difficulty. It is exactly the kind of faith and conscience that Paul exhorts Timothy, a Christian bishop, to hold on to; and surely he would not advise his beloved son in the Gospel to hold on to a spurious faith and foul conscience. But it is enough to console the saint that, if he holds on to faith and a good conscience, he may be persuaded that "neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor hight nor depth, nor things

present nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

We trust forever more,
O, Jesus Christ, in thee;
The God who saves upon the shore
Is mighty on the sea.

By thy unerring chart
We'll navigate our way;
We will not from our course depart,
Or conscience cast away.

Thy fair, celestial light
Will cheer us through the day;
We'll keep a bright look-out at night,
Nor cease to watch and pray.

While, drawn with cords of love,
We'll near the port divine,
Till, anchored with the fleet above,
We'll swell the royal line.

SERMON X.

A SHORT TRIP.

WHEN, outward bound, the ship departs,
Propelled by generous gales,
With lively songs, and bounding hearts,
The seamen trim their sails.

They clear the wharves—they clear the fort—
They swiftly—gayly glide,
By ling'ring, gazing friends in port,
Who still at anchor ride.

The town, with all its spires, and charms,
Has faded in their view:
The meadows, orchards, woods, and farms,
Are fast receding too.

And ere the shades of evening fall,
So rapid is their flight,
That beacons, light-house, land, and all,
Have glided out of sight.

Just so, our days and years have fled,
As fast as time can waft;
And joys that now loom large ahead,
Will founder soon abaft.

Our sorrows—troubles—in their turn,
Will their departure take;
For soon we'll drop them all astern,
To strangle in our wake.

We pass our childhood, pass our noon,
Through good, through bad report;
And our fast-sailing vessels soon
Will anchor in the port.

There will our rapid voyage end,
And we no longer roam;
And He, who is the sailor's friend,
Will welcome Christians home.

"They are passed away as the swift ships," JOB IX, 26.

THERE is no subject in which the children of men are more deeply interested, than that of death. Therefore, there is a great variety of figures used in the Scriptures, to impress our minds with a proper sense of the shortness of life and the rapidity of time. "What is your life?" says one; "it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It is again represented by fading flowers, and perishing grass. Sometimes it is compared to a post—a mail—to a weaver's shuttle—to an eagle hastening to its prey. In our text, it is well figured by the fast-sailing ships. In all this, we see the mercy of God, in adapting the language of truth to all orders of men, and to every condition. The fading flower is a beautiful metaphor to the botanist, or farmer; the weaver's shuttle, the eagle darting on his prey, and the swift post-boy, may do for others; but the sailor seldom has an opportunity of observing these things. He is not in the habit of roving the flowery meadows, and moralizing on the fading grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down, and cast into the oven. Still, he also must die. The word of God points him to the fast-sailing ship, as an emblem of his brief career. To him, the swiftness of the ship is familiar. When standing down the river, with a stiff breeze, sweeping tide, and all sail set, we can not avoid remarking the rapidity of the vessel, and the velocity with which the objects around us *seem* to recede. When two

ships pass each other at sea, the figure presents itself in all its force and beauty. There is hardly any thing which transpires, that strikes with more thrilling effect on the dull uniformity of a sea-life, than the appearance of a sail. The tremulous cry of "Sail ho! sail ho!" rouses every soul on board, from the cabin to the fore-peak. The vessel is first seen as a dark speck in the distant horizon. Owing to the rotundity of the earth, only the lofty sails are seen. But as she approaches, she looms larger and larger. Every spy-glass is leveled; every eye is strained. She comes! she comes! rolling and floundering like some living monster of the great deep! When there is a stiff breeze, there is hardly time to pass the usual salutations, "Whence came ye? whither are ye bound?" before she has passed. The hoarse voice of the trumpet breaks in unintelligible murmurs on the whistling winds, and she is gone! We look astern, and she is hovering like a dark bird in our distant wake: so passeth away the swift-sailing ship. At such times, a reflection on the shortness of life, and the rapid flight of time, will flash across the most careless mind on board.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

What is the length of human life, when brought into comparison with the endless eternity to which we are bound? No more than a drop of water when compared to the mighty ocean. Indeed, we might

say, not so much; for the ocean is made up of drops; and although they might be so numerous, that an angel's mind might not be able to cast the mighty sum, yet, if one drop should be evaporated every day, without its place being supplied by the grand laboratory of nature, the period would come when the place of the great deep would be dry. But if a million of years were smitten from eternity, what vacuum would it make? We may well smile at the simplicity of the question; for eternity is a state that can neither be added to nor taken from. Our antediluvian fathers lived for centuries; but they have passed away like the swift-sailing ships. The measure of human life is now reduced to threescore years and ten; all beyond is sorrow and affliction of soul. One-third of our time must necessarily be spent in sleep, to recruit our wasted strength from time to time. And when we come to gather up our priceless moments, that can be exclusively applied to our mental and moral improvement, we are constrained to exclaim,

> "A point of time—a moment's space,
> May land us in that heavenly place,
> Or shut us up in hell."

And let us consider how few pass the meridian of life, especially as it regards sea-faring men; while

> "Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
> To push us to the tomb;
> And fierce diseases wait around,
> To hurry mortals home."

It is true that, when we were children, time seemed to move slowly. It then appeared like an age from

one holiday to another. But when we look back, it seems as though it were yesterday that we were engaged in our childish frolics. Where are our pleasures, our afflictions, our smiles, our tears, our toys of other days? They have passed, all passed away, like the swift-sailing ships!

It is our highest wisdom to study what improvement we can now make of our fleeting moments.

1. *Life is short; but we must not despise it on that account.* If those who are engaged in a literal voyage, should despise it because it is short, what evils might ensue! The captain says, "My voyage is short: I am not bound to China, or on an exploring expedition; therefore, I need not be very particular in my reckoning, or nice in my calculations." The officers say, "As it is a short trip, we need not be overmuch careful in storing our provisions and water-casks. So, so! avast! one round turn will do; make fast; we will soon have to unlash them again." The sailors say, "A short passage: what is the use of being so particular in mending these sails? Bear a hand, boys; a long stitch for the merchant."

Who does not see, that, however short the voyage may be, such conduct might be very ruinous to all concerned? Short voyages are frequently dangerous, and sometimes fatal. During the last war with England, when our army was returning from the defeat of Proctor, several companies were embarked on board a schooner. Some who had not been accustomed to travel by water, thought it a perilous undertaking. The lake was so small, com-

paratively speaking, and the voyage so short, that I felt disposed to make myself merry with their fears. Many of the soldiers becoming seasick, retired into the hold. The weather became very stormy, and presently a heavy squall struck us. The blast itself was not, perhaps, sufficient to capsize her; but just at that time an enormous long-tom, which was carried amidships, breaking its lashing, slued its muzzle to leeward; and this, together with a general rush of soldiers below, laid her on her beam ends; the water gushed into the lee-hatchway, and the soldiers gushed out, and for a few moments inevitable destruction stared us in the face. A sailor, who was in the lee-scuppers, had the presence of mind to let fly the fore-sheet, and we soon righted again. Here I received a just rebuke for despising all danger, because the voyage was short. I found it was sufficiently long, and the water sufficiently deep, to land us all in an endless eternity.

Now, there are some who despise life because it is short. They say, "Life is so short, that there is no use in acquiring a liberal education, in securing a good home, or in engaging in any important enterprise. We are here to-day, gone to-morrow; let us eat, drink, and be merry." Such people sink into a state of idleness, or *ennui*, if into nothing worse; and they find in the end that the voyage, though short, is sufficiently long to sink ship and cargo, soul and body, into bottomless and everlasting perdition. But, notwithstanding they speak lightly of time, yet they will say, "Come, let us have a

song, or a game of cards, to *kill time.*" And they do effectually kill time; for many of them do not live out half their days.

2. *We should not despise life because it is short; for it is sufficiently long to secure everlasting life.*

Sometimes a very short voyage has made splendid fortunes. This short voyage of life is long enough to make us rich in faith, and heirs of an everlasting kingdom.

This will appear from the very economy of salvation: "*By grace ye are saved through faith.*" Now, if our salvation were by works, truly it would occupy much time. Works and time are inseparably connected. It would take some *time* to build a ship. It would take much more time to build and fit out a navy; and we find that time is always consumed in proportion to the magnitude of the work. Now, as the salvation of the soul is the most important of all work, the usual term of human life would be too short to accomplish it. Yea, an eternity itself could hardly wash our stains away. But salvation is through *faith*—through the act of a mental or spiritual gift of God; and, therefore, is instantaneous. The experience of all the New Testament saints proves this. All the conversions mentioned in the Gospel are of this character. Look at the Philippian jailor! What was he, and who was he, when he received Christ's ministers into custody? He was a wicked, godless, and cruel man. In virtue of his office, it was his duty to receive the prisoners and to keep them safely; but it was no official duty

to treat them ill. He, however, seemed to rejoice that his office afforded him an opportunity to join in the general persecution; and it is said he thrust them into an inner prison, and made them fast in stocks and irons. He then lay down in all his sins and guilt upon his pillow. But about midnight he was roused by a mighty earthquake, and he found the prison doors all open; and, supposing that the prisoners were fled, he was about to cap the climax of his wretchedness by falling upon his sword, when he heard the voice of the apostle, saying, "Do thyself no harm; we are all here." He then fell down, trembling, before him, and said, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer was short, but weighty: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The next morning the sun rose on a happy Christian family. In the evening he was a wicked heathen, cruel as the grave; at midnight a self-murderer in intention; and in the morning filled with righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such is the dispatch of salvation.

Again: see the unhappy criminal who suffered with our Lord! Where was he on the night preceding the crucifixion? Shut up in a filthy dungeon, probably drinking, swearing, reveling with companions of like cast—the next morning nailed to the cross. Knowing that a dangerous murderer had been preferred to our Lord, he hoped to raise the sympathy of the mob by reviling the Savior. Vain hope! Christ was unjustly condemned; but he was

receiving the proper reward of his crimes. Amid the awful manifestations of Divine power that attended the passion of our Lord, the unhappy criminal saw his error, was overwhelmed with remorse, and said to our Savior, "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom." The Son of God, tortured with the agonies of the cross, and the mental anguish of the sins of the whole world, did not forget the work that brought him down from heaven; but, turning his dying eyes upon his guilty companion in woe, said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Amazing promptitude of God's grace! In the evening reveling in his loathsome cell, torn by the lashes of a guilty conscience; in the morning writhing upon the cross, and persecuting the Lord of life; repenting, believing, justified, washed, and, before the setting of the sun of that eventful day—glory be to God!—by such an escort as prophet, priest, nor king ever had, he is ushered into paradise, as a striking trophy of Christ's redeeming grace and dying love!

The conversions which took place on the day of Pentecost were sudden conversions. So were those in the house of Cornelius. When Paul was preaching on the banks of a river, the flame of Gospel grace melted down, in one moment, the heart of Lydia, and she was baptized, with all her household. The powerful convictions of Saul of Tarsus lasted three days; but in the *moment* he believed the scales fell from his eyes. Then, the shortest life of man is sufficiently long to waft us to the land of

rest, the saints' delight, the heaven prepared for all the faithful.

3. *Our voyage is short; therefore, we should not overvalue it.*

We should not set our hearts upon it. However pleasant a literal voyage may be, men are not in the habit of placing such a high estimate upon it as to mistake the means for the end—the voyage for the port or end which they have in view. They do not calculate on being always at sea. True, they will make arrangements to render their voyage as agreeable as possible. They will prepare bedding and small stores, and every convenience for the passage; but they will live in reference to the port ahead. Their conversation will be mostly about the end of the voyage. They will frequently ask the captain and officers, "What headway have we made in the last twenty-four hours? What do you suppose are the bearings and distance of the destined port? Is this present breeze favorable?" They will love to talk for hours about the place to which they are bound, and will speak with rapturous allusions about the end of the voyage. So Christians should not fall in love with their voyage, and fix their affections on earth. They should not rear imperishable palaces, as though they were to stay here forever. This is not our home—our port—but our voyage. Our principal conversation should be about the New Jerusalem to which we are bound. It is lawful to make ourselves comfortable on our passage, and to have wherewithal to relieve those in distress; and

although it may be painful in the end to part with our shipmates and fellow-passengers who have not reached their destination, yet, by the grace of God, we should joyfully step on shore when our voyage is up.

4. *Our voyage is short; consequently, there is but little time to do our work in, as good sailors of Jesus Christ.*

All that we can, by the help of God, do for ourselves, for the Church, and for our fellow-men, must be done in this short life. Here the work of faith, the work of God, must be done. Here we must perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. Here we must show our faith by our works—by giving our labor, our talents, our money, to promote the glory of God and the salvation of man. Here we may relieve the suffering widow, the abandoned orphan, the houseless wanderer, the poor, shipwrecked sailor. But in the city of saints there are no weeping widows, no starving orphans, no houseless wanderers, no shipwrecked seamen, no heathen to be converted, no Gospel to be preached. The ministers, having shouted their harvest home, will ground their silver trumpets at Jesus' feet, and enter into their rest; and, in that great, decisive day, if it appears that any thing has been left undone which ought to have been done, it will then be too late to rectify our omissions. Hence, our Lord has commanded us to work while we have the light, before the night cometh, when no man can work. Surely, this is the best policy—a policy observed by all provident people. See that poor, industrious widow, working

late at night by her flickering candle. She has put her little children to bed; but they will not sleep, and are calling on their mother to follow them to rest; but she looks at her wasting candle, and says, "Hush, dears—hush! This piece of work must be finished, or to-morrow you will cry for bread. My candle is almost gone, and I must work *while I have the light*." Then her fingers and needle will move with increasing velocity. Or see that captain who is making for the harbor. The entrance is dangerous, and there is no pilot. The sun is hastening down. He orders his officer to call all hands. "Bear a hand! bear a hand! The day is almost gone. We must get in *while we have the light*, or we will be obliged to stand off; and Heaven only knows what storms and tempests await us, or whether we may ever see land again. Get out all your light sails, and clap on every rag of canvas. We must work *while it is day*." So it is with the Christian pilgrim. The world may call here, the flesh may tempt there, and the devil may draw on every hand; but he will say,

> "Let me alone; for I will serve God,
> And serve him till I die."

5. *As this life is short and transient, but the life to come permanent and everlasting, we should be careful to transfer much of our treasure to heaven.*

This, we know, is not the doctrine of the irreligious. They say, "Life is short, and when we die we can not carry our property with us; so the best we can do is to spend it in the full enjoyment of this

life, as we go along." This saying, which is so common in many mouths, is in flat contradiction to the truth of God. We can remit our property to heaven. True, we can not remove it there in bulk, as the sailor would say; but we can lay it up there in enhanced value. If a farmer in England wished to remove to America, we know that he could not embark his houses and farm on shipboard, and bring them over; but he might sell them for their full value, and get bills of exchange on this country; and, although he might land with nothing but his staff in his hand, yet, as soon as he presents his bills, he realizes all his property, and, by his removal, might better his condition a hundred-fold. The Christian can not carry his lands and houses to heaven; and it is well that he can not. The most splendid palace on earth would be a disgusting blot on the high and fair plains of glory; but he who gives to the poor and to the cause of righteousness lends to the Lord. A minute account of all his pious expenditures is kept in heaven, even to cups of cold water; and, although his soul may land naked in eternity, yet he will hold drafts on the bank of the new and heavenly Jerusalem; and, thank God! they will not be protested, but paid down on the capstan with interest—compound interest. If this is not so, why does our Savior say, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where moth and rust can not corrupt, and where thieves can not break through and steal." Why does he say, "Provide yourselves bags that wax not old—a treasure

in the skies?" and again, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when you fail on earth they may receive you into everlasting habitations?"

If you had an intention of embarking soon, for some new country, where you expected to spend the remnant of your days, would you not be anxious to transfer all your property there that you can well spare? Now, the Christian knows that heaven is his *eternal home;* and, if so, it is his best interest to lay up treasure there, that he may not skulk into the dock, as a poor, destitute pauper, but may cast his moorings among the aristocracy of glory—an aristocracy not founded on family or noble blood, but on holiness of heart, and faith that works by love.

6. *Life is short. This should reconcile Christians to their afflictions.*

When men encounter many disasters and ills at sea, if it is a short voyage, that circumstance affords considerable alleviation. They will say, "Cheer up, my hearties! The trip is short, and these sufferings will soon be over.

'Though fierce is the blast,
Yet it quickly will pass.'"

It was this idea that helped to comfort Paul in all his afflictions. They were not few. He was in perils on the land; in perils on the sea; twice shipwrecked, and a day and a night floating about, perhaps on some broken pieces of timber; whipped, stoned, and persecuted; but he lashed all these together into one circumstance, and called them a

"*light affliction;*" and why? because they were "*but for a moment,*" in comparison with that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," which will be revealed at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Christian suffers in this brief life all that he ever will endure through the countless ages of time and eternity. The hour of death will be to him the birthday of an endless bliss; and well may he sing here, in the house of his pilgrimage,

> "I would not live always; I ask not to stay,
> Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
> I would not live always, away from my God,
> Away from yon heaven—yon blissful abode;
> Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er th' bright plains,
> And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

O, ye suffering shipmates, bear up! bear up, awhile! breast your tarpaulins to the blast!

> "The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,
> And one unbounded spring encircle all."

7. *Life is short. This consideration should properly affect the wicked.* They must know that if they live and die in sin, all the enjoyments that they ever will have, must be crowded into this short passage. The hour of death, to them, will be the commencement of endless woe, affliction, and anguish. We do not say, that they have no pleasure here. If it were the condition of our salvation, that we should drag out here an existence of perpetual pain and agony, and then go to enjoy an eternity of bliss, this would be infinitely preferable to our enjoying all the pleasures of sin for a season, and then going to reap eternal woe. But the Lord exacts no such

condition. He calls us to be happy here, and happy to all eternity. He requires us to sacrifice nothing but sin—nothing but that which hurts us here, and which will ruin us hereafter. "My son, give me thy heart."

8. *Our voyage is short; therefore, we should endeavor to make it happy and safe.* Christ has prepared an ark, for the saving of our souls—a safe packet—the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. If life were longer, it would be happy, with Christ for our invisible Captain, and in company with that homeward-bound crew, who are returning to Mount Zion with songs of everlasting joy and deliverance on their heads. And though our years roll into eternity, like the swift-sailing ships, yet will they discharge their valuable freight at Jesus' feet, where moth and rust can not corrupt. But it is asked by some, "Why should we unite with the Church? why may we not scull our own yawl? can not the ministers feel as deep an interest in us, and can not the Church pray as earnestly for us, as if we were on board?" We answer, that the ministers of Christ do feel a painful interest in all who are struggling for the shores of eternal life; and the Church prays for them. But we know not where they are, or who they are. Hence we pray uncertainly—we pray conditionally—"Lord, *if* there are any," etc. But that cold word *if*, clips our prayers of more than half their faith and energy. Were such characters to come and throw themselves under the watch-care of the Church, then we would see

them and know them, and we could say, "Lord, here they are!" and the tears, and the prayers, and the groans of the whole Church, would in one united ardor rise to heaven, and the Lord would send answers of peace and salvation down. There would be no round turns nor half-hitches—no *ifs* nor *ands*. We might give an illustration.

On a cold winter's night, I was sitting by my fire, in the parsonage. A dreadful gale was blowing, and the cold was unusually severe. I began to think of poor sailors, as I commonly do on such occasions. Supposing that many might be homeward-bound, at that season of the year, it appeared to me not at all unlikely that some, at that very moment, might be suffering shipwreck on the coast. The very thought affected my heart, and immediately the whole scene was before my imagination: the thunder of riven timbers, the bursting of bolts, the shrieking of women and children; and I buried my face in my hands, and began to pray that God might have mercy on any who were about to make their last plunge. I shortly after learned, through the papers, that on that very night a most distressing shipwreck took place on our coast. About two hundred emigrants and seamen perished, within a few cable-lengths of the shore. Several enterprising sailors put out in boats to their rescue, but were driven back by the severity of the weather, cased in ice. Now, if I had been with the inhabitants of the coast, who crowded down to the shore, and kindled their fires on the beach, and who saw the awful scene, and who heard

the groans, and shrieks, and heart-rending screams of men, women, and children, till their last feeble sighs were stifled by the icy pressure of death, would I not have had a more piercing sense of their dreadful condition? And would I not have been excited to more fervent and intense prayer? As it was, I was praying for sufferers who might have existed only in my own fruitful imagination. In the latter case, I would have had them, with their sufferings, right before my eyes, and could have urged, "Lord, here they are; look down in mercy on the feeble toil of mortals, lost to hope; and send deliverance down!"

Preachers and people do pray, *indefinitely*, for all who are in distress—"for all who are traveling by sea and by land"—for all who are struggling for eternal life; but they pray, *particularly*, and *understandingly*, and *personally*, for all who, by uniting with the Church, say, "Brethren, pray *for us*." Come, then, fellow-sinners, enter at once on board the good ship ZION. Well might the poet say,

"She is built of Gospel timber, Alleluiah!"

And although she has been often afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, yet, blessed be God! she has never sprung a leak, or lost a battle.

"She has landed millions on the shore,
And still can land as many more."

O, it is better to be a green-horn, a land-lubber, a cook's scullion, a deck-swabber, on board the old ship Zion, than to be high admiral of all the navy

of hell. Come on board, come on board, brother sailor, come! Come right up to the quarter-deck of salvation! You will receive your bounty, smack down upon the capstan, and at the end of your voyage your full wages—life everlasting, and a glorious eternity of liberty on shore, where you may

> "Range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
> And sing halleluiah forever and ever."

Come on board; come! She is manned with hearts of oak—Gospel true-blues—thorough-bred Christians, who promised, when they crossed the line, "never to eat brown bread when they could get white." Come along!

> "See on our social decks, the joyful sailors stand,
> Crying, O, here we go, to Canaan's happy land!"

True, the wicked may persecute and deride us, as we pass; but

> "We'll sail, while they rail;
> And we'll soon be out of sight."

Press on, press on, ye happy souls, in your heavenward cruise! Our poor, adventurous bark shall follow close in chase; and when the whirlwinds of death shall kiss your swelling sails, and you shall leave the stormy surface of life's sea behind, and we can do no more, we will round our trembling vessel in the wind, and shiver every sail, and stop, and stare, and gaze, and wish to follow still in your wake.

> "So seemed the prophet, when, to mount on high,
> His Master took the chariot of the sky;
> The fiery pomp, ascending, left his view,
> The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too."

Our days, our years roll on like the swift ships. And as the breezes of Calvary waft us onward and upward, we may sing, with the pious Richmond,

"My years roll on! but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop:
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God 's the same—forever true.

My years roll on, and as they roll,
O, may they waft my ransomed soul,
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore,
Where sin and sorrow grieve no more!

My years roll on! my soul be still!
Guided by love, thy course fulfill!
And my life's anxious voyage past,
My refuge be with Christ at last."

A wide ocean here opens before us, and we might add line upon line, precept upon precept; but time is short. Another hour, another day has passed away, and we must follow soon. While the wicked say, "A short life, and a merry one," let us pray for a pious voyage and a safe one.

When will rebellious seamen cease
To fight against their God,
And sue for pardon, grace, and peace,
Through the atoning blood?

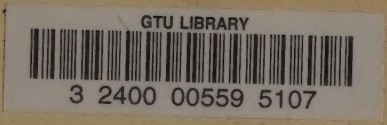
Strike, sailor, strike! no longer dare
That anger to unfold,
Whose softest touch would sink you far
In hell's unfathomed hold.

You can not stay your tottering mast;
Your tackling soon must go;
While God, with one untempered blast,
Will lay your streamers low.

You can not bear his angry frown;
'Tis death to fight or fly;
Then haul your rebel-colors down,
And loud for quarters cry.

No longer sail in hell's employ,
Nor 'gainst the Gospel rave:
Your God, though mighty to destroy,
Is POWERFUL to save;

And when he hears the suppliant's cries,
Will bid the warfare cease—
Will send salvation from the skies,
And give the mourner peace.



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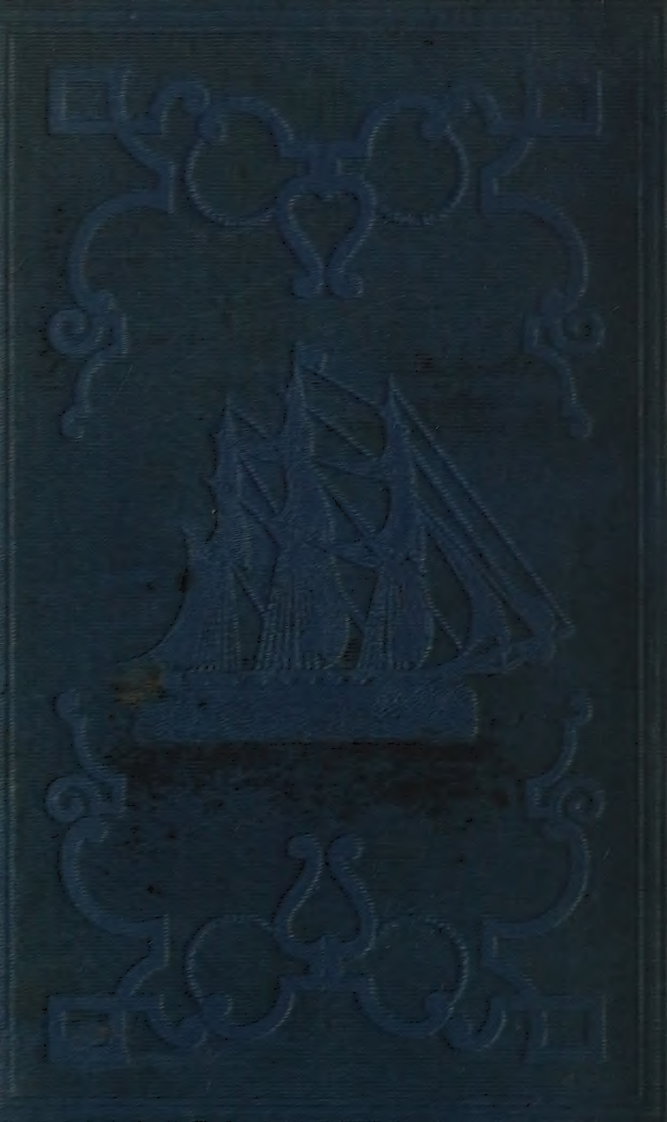
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